The Bystander, March 10, 1920. No. 849. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER

THE CAMEL WITH THE UNBREAKABLE BACK

"——BUT WHO THE DEVIL WANTS TO BE A CAMEL?"

(A new application to an old story)

BY ALFRED LEETE

ENTERTAINMENTS

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GODFREY TEARLE & CO., ADA REEVE, Capt. Alban J. Ross's "Light and Sound Vibrations Harnessed," Ethel M. Dell's Play "THE ODDS," TOM CLARE, FRANK WHITMAN, NATHANO BROS., etc.

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During the period from midnight of Monday, the 8th day of March, 1920, until midnight of Wednesday, the 17th day of March 1920, the holder of the Coupon is entitled to the benefits of the Coupon Insurance-Ticket published in full in the issue of THE BYSTANDER of Feb. 11, 1920, as if it had been published in this issue, but subject to the conditions therein contained, and provided the usual signature of such holder shall have been written in the space provided underneath before the accident.

Signature of holder.....

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Erin as Usual

SOME years ago an irritable Englishman declared that the only way to solve the Irish problem was to tow the island into the middle of the Atlantic and sink it. To which an Irishman appositely retorted that this was another English attempt to put off the settlement, for the question would only come up again when the sea gave up its dead. That we may have come to such a pass is, indeed, rather sad, and one cannot be much cheered by the Bill which now lies on the table of the House. Once more Ulster is to be parted from us and from Sinn Feinland ; once more the delegates of the two sections are to be brought into a single room to settle their affairs peaceably. Where will they meet ? At Kilkenny ? And when they have done, will there remain as much as there did of the two cats that fought all day ? Speaking as a Saxon, I suspect that the Irish problem was pretty well expressed by Lady Gregory, in " The Workhouse Ward," when two old paupers quarrelled all day, yet would have moped to death if separated. This Home Rule Bill seems likely to join the majority, its many predecessors. And what will happen then? Nothing. Agitation can thrive only if we agitate. Supposing we gave Ireland a rest ?

Peers

WHAT becomes of the old White Papers that the Government issues from time to time to satiate the burning curiosity of private members ? Do they eventually go to their grave in the pulping-machine ? or does the Speaker, when in need of literature for a railway journey, take up accounts of dark diplomacies or collected facts on butter ? I cannot believe that they all disappear ; some are too interesting, lead to too vivid speculations. For instance, one cannot help dwelling on the list of peerages created since 1880 between Gladstone and Lloyd-George. 433 ! How small an assembly the Gilded Chamber must have been when unrecruited with the 433 coronets ! But, if we examine the figures, we seem to be moving towards a recruitment without measure. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman created 9 new peers per annum ; Mr. Asquith alone, 11 ; Mr. Asquith in Coalition, 16 ; Mr. Lloyd George, 26 every year. Observe the progression, continue it, and you discover that in 1935 we may be creating 43 peers a year, that 500 new ones will be in the House ! Before the end of the century we should have 30,000 peers. Well, why not ? Let us all have a chance, or reform the House ere it be too late.

Votes for Flappers

WE do not suppose the proposal to give women votes at twenty-one will have a very good passage in the House. For imperceptible reasons we are ready to give a girl of eighteen the care of a household, the management of thousands a year, and yet we doubt the fitness of a woman of twenty-nine to vote on this question : Who shall muddle our affairs ? This may seem a bitter point of view, but it has been pretty generally held since the institution of " one man, one vote," and so one wonders why there should be any disturbance. After all, most politics seem governed by the remark of Mr. Dooley when asked whether certain people (women, I believe) should have votes. He promptly replied : " Votes ?

THE BEST CLUB IN ENGLAND AND THEY BOTH KNOW HOW TO USE IT!

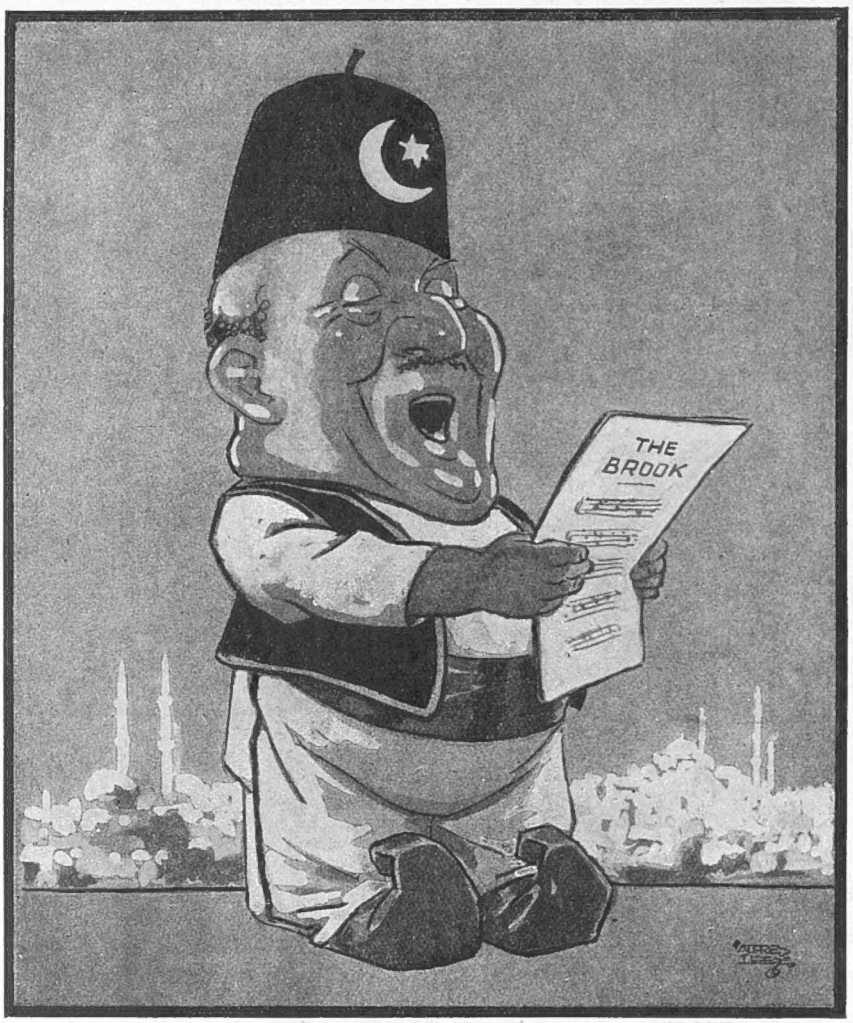
By Hugh Williams

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Certainly. Give 'em a vote. Give 'em three votes. But I'll count them." Such cynicism may encourage the House to admit our maidens to the polling-booth. And another feeling will intervene: if girls eventually get a vote they may remember who opposed them, for "hate knows no fury as a woman disfranchised."

"Our Greatest Ambassador"

AND so the Prince has started once again on his Empire-binding travels. Myself, I don't believe that any heir-apparent in history has ever been described by the First Minister of his country at the age of twenty-six as "our greatest Ambassador."



"MEN MAY COME AND MEN MAY GO, BUT I GO ON FOR EVER!"
By Alfred Leete

This was Mr. Lloyd George's description of the Prince of Wales.

Misunderstandings Scattered

THERE were a good many little bitternesses in Canada that the Prince turned to sweetnesses, and the same thing will happen "down under." The secret of his popularity is his sincerity. I don't know why it should be so, but although the Colonials would die to a man to protect the Old Country—and haven't they proved it?—they always seem to be on the look-out for "slights." Our British guardedness of expression, to them, savours of hypocrisy or concealment. And they are always in a sort of "leap to criticism" attitude in consequence.

In Canada the Prince just walked through this misunderstanding, and, since the Prince is the Prince, history will repeat itself in New Zealand and Australia. Mark my words, O children of wisdom!

"Sound the Loud Timbrel"

HISTORY made whilst you wait! Let me give you the recipe. Take one ex-Prime Minister and set him to contest a Scottish seat with the aid of one daughter and one wife. Add photographs *ad lib*. When he wins the election, scatter broadcast in the columns of certain journals the day, the hour of his departure from his house, and the streets through which he will drive to the House of Commons to take his oath as a Member of Parliament. Leave the medical students and the idle public to do the rest.

Souvenirs

THEY did. And I wonder what the Member for Paisley has had to pay for repairs to his car, for police attendance, and the new top-hat, "pinched" as a souvenir?

Comment.—If the information as to route, etc., had not been given to the Press there would have been no "demonstration" and no confetti on Mr. Asquith's hair. *Further Comment.*—Is a worked-up "toozy-moozy" (nice word, that, for enthusiasm, coined by a contemporary of the author of "The Little Visiters") worth the expense? I wonder! Well, we shall see.

Comic Opera in Fiume

YEARS ago in Rome I used to know Gabriele d'Annunzio rather well. He was the bitterest of cynics and the most inveterate collector of duchesses. An odd combination in a man who has written the most perfect and exquisite Italian since Dante. He made love—or, to be more correct, lovemaking, an art—and the real story of his life would raise the most carefully coiffured hair of the British nation straight on end, even in these days. He might have taken as his motto, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

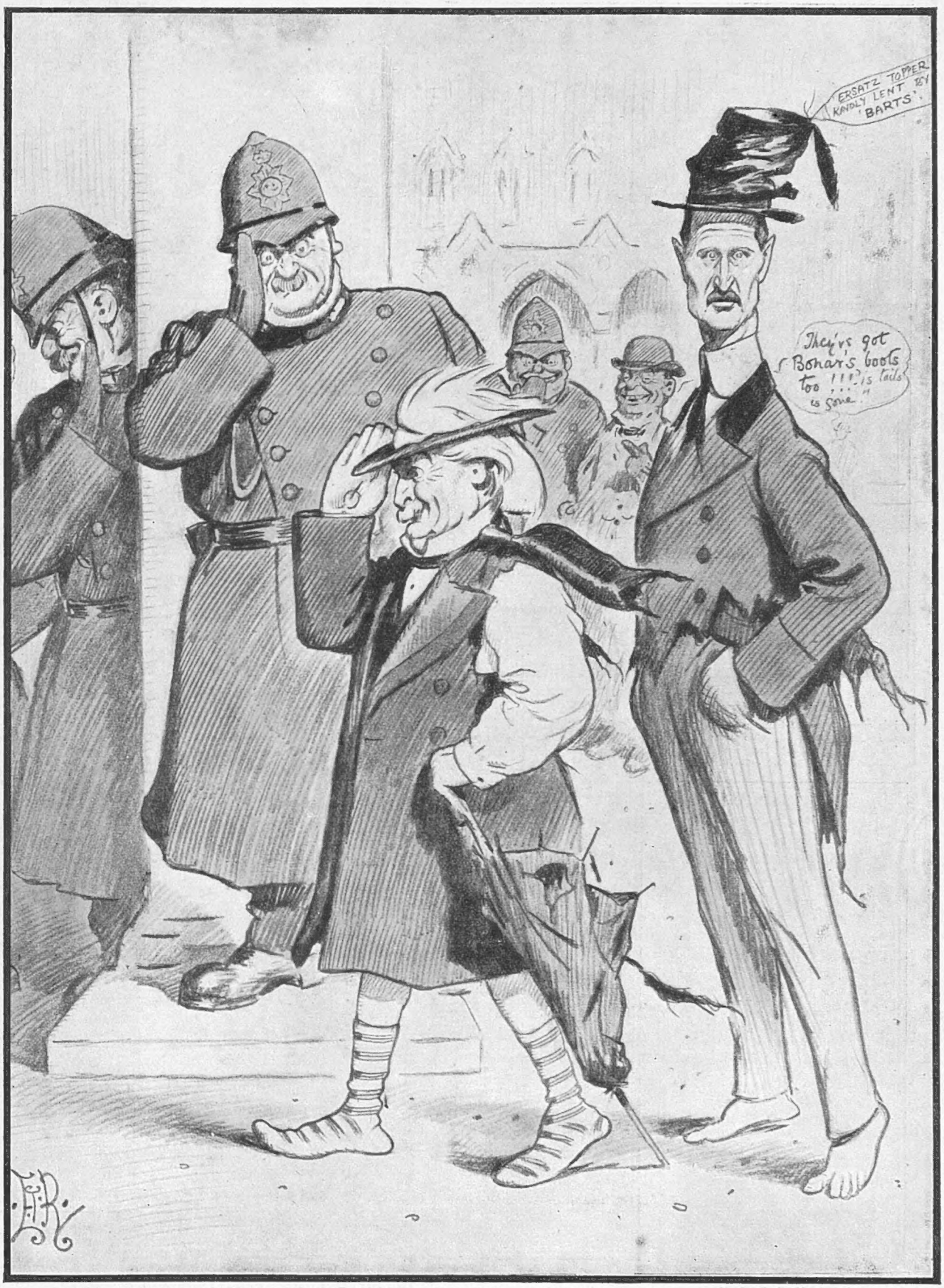
"Fire and Beauty"

WHEN the War came this master of Italian verse and prose, this cynic, this triumphant *cavalier* of boudoirs, was the dominating influence that brought

Continued on page 648)

If the Medicos' Penchant—

—FOR THE CAPTURE OF POLITICAL SOUVENIRS PERSISTS



CONSTABLE *(behind the pillar)* : "It's them stoodents, y'know, 'Enry, bin collecting soovenirs off of 'em agen !—Lumme ! they've got 'is *trousers* this time, seemin'ly !"

(Missing articles of costume collected en route have gone to join Mr. Asquith's hat in the Hospital Museums)

BY E. T. REED

"The Bystander" Pot-Pourri:

Photograph *Farringdon Photo. Co.*

THE KING PRESENTS

His own Challenge Cup to Capt. Ayde, of the Compton Stud, who won it with "Gay Lally," at the Thoroughbred Stallion Show at the Agricultural Hall

Photograph *Topical Press*

THE KING OF GREECE

Photographed while staying at St. Moritz

Photograph *Sidney J. Loeb*

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

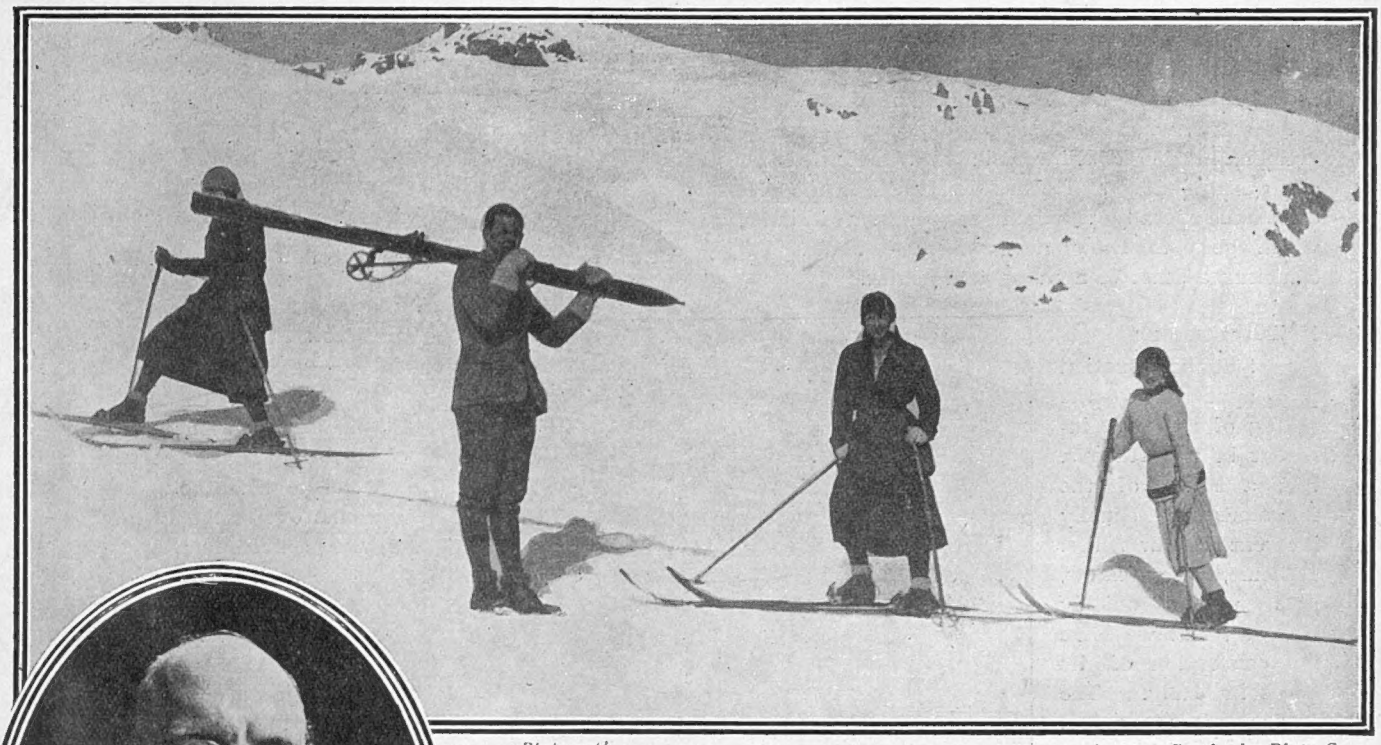
And his sister, Miss Emily Beecham. Sir Thomas is at present directing, at Covent Garden, the Spring series of performances of Grand Opera

Photograph *Elwin Neame*

"THE HIPPODROME" BEAUTY CHORUS

Photographed at the Embassy Club, where last week they gave a demonstration of dancing on the occasion of the Club's "Oriental Night."

Doings of the Week in Picture



Photograph *Farringdon Photo. Co.*

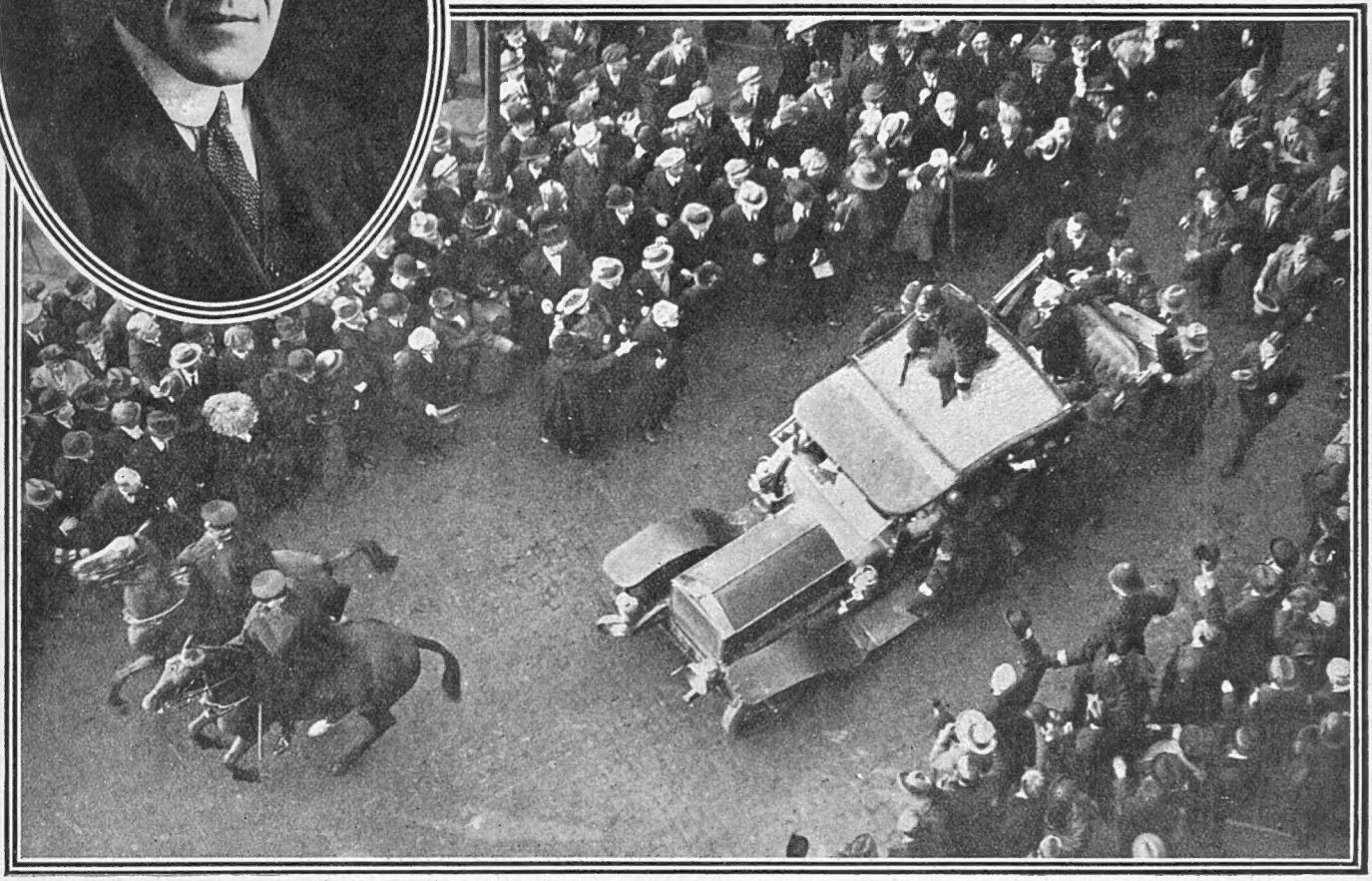
SOCIETY STILL ON HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND

(Left to Right)—Princess Helene of Greece, Prince Paul of Greece, Princess Irene of Greece, and the Viscountess Uffington

Photograph *Olive Edis*

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES

The latest and hitherto unpublished photograph of the latest and hitherto much published British Ambassador to the United States



Photograph *Reginald Silk "Press Pictures"*

"OH! WHERE AND OH! WHERE HAS MY NEW TOP HAT GONE?"

This photograph was taken on the famous occasion last week when (somewhere in Cavendish Square) Mr. Asquith lost a brand-new topper. The member for Paisley, it will be noticed, still retains his hair, a fact on which he is to be congratulated

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Italy into the struggle. The King said he would only declare war if such was the wish of the people. It was their wish, but the wish was inarticulate. D'Annunzio addressed a crowd in Rome from a balcony. All that the people thought and felt he said in words of such fire and beauty that before nightfall the King had received their mandate.

And now, what has this poet and cynic—and, to give him his due for his work in the War itself, I will add patriot—done? He has descended to the plot of a comic opera by making himself master of Fiume, which goes to show that vanity can outweigh cynicism, a sense of humour, and genius.

Italian Humour

At first the situation appealed to the feeling of romance inherent in the Italians. But a sense of the ridiculous is equally inherent in our Allies. Ridicule, we know, kills pretty quickly with us, but we have no conception of its effect in Italy. The Latin wit is more subtle and more biting than ours. D'Annunzio has created an order in Fiume called the *Testa di Ferro* (the Iron Head). They call him now in Italy "*Testa d'Asino*" (Donkey's Head)—but the word *asino* has a much wider meaning than our "donkey," it comprises every kind of stupidity, including the village idiot.

In Italy that means "thumbs down" for any public man.

THE OOF OSTRICH—AND THE COMING STORM
By Fred Buchanan

Clothes and the Man

The lines of men waiting all day outside Mr. Mallaby-Deeley's shop in the Strand show how tightly the tailor's bill has been pinching. Very soon, I suppose, we shall see the first hundred thousand of the suits on the streets. And what will they be called, I wonder? "Mallabys" or "Deeleys," or will they be given the whole mouthful, "Mallaby-Deeleys"? A name of sorts they are sure to be given.

How It Is Done

The tailors say that the suits are cut in sizes, on the plan adopted for making khaki uniform, but instead of being finished, and the man being found to fit the garments, they are made up to individual measurements. This, apparently, is the meaning of "finished to measure." But, whatever the method, the thousands of men flocking to the Strand show the crisis in the male wardrobe, and the absolute inability to furnish the wherewithal for the ordinary tailors' present fantastic prices. So, with fitting apologies to the shade of W. S. Gilbert—

Conceive me, if you can, a smartly dressed young man,
A Mallaby-Deeley, trousers-turned-up-at-heeley,
Clothes cut on an M.P.'s plan.
A "cheviot" or "browny," a "sporty" or "towny,"
A "finished to measure" young man.
Then everyone will say,
As I go my well-dressed way,
"Since this young man is so well-dressed, and all for guineas three,
What a singularly clever person that clever M.-D. must be!"

Crumpled Rose Leaves on the Riviera

There has been a good deal of lamentation about petrol in England, but the people who took their cars out to the Riviera have been in a worse case still. They have not been able to get any petrol at all! More than one of the truly rich and great has had to leave their car behind, kicking its heels in a hotel garage, and make the journey back by train. Some of these were caught by the French railway strike—a case of the frying-pan and the fire.

Travel Troubles

One dame of my acquaintance has had what I should think is a unique experience. She was caught in Scotland by the British railway strike, in Italy by the Italian strike, and now again in France. In each country she had to sleep in a waiting-room, and of the three she says the Italian was the most comfortable. It only had one piece of furniture in it—a huge settee. In France she was nearly suffocated by a stove, and in Scotland she was worried by insects!

There really seems no need to panic about these strikes. Just look how each one has fizzled out before the quiet determination of what is called the "people." The French Government set an example that our own might follow with advantage.

When Greek Meets Greek

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug-of-war"; but it may be suggested that the tug-of-war has done more than anything to make Oxford optionalise Greek:

"Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta,
Will their late departure melt a
Single healthy schoolboy Briton,
Whom they long have tried to sit on?" J. M. B.

Political Personalities in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

Riviera Notes

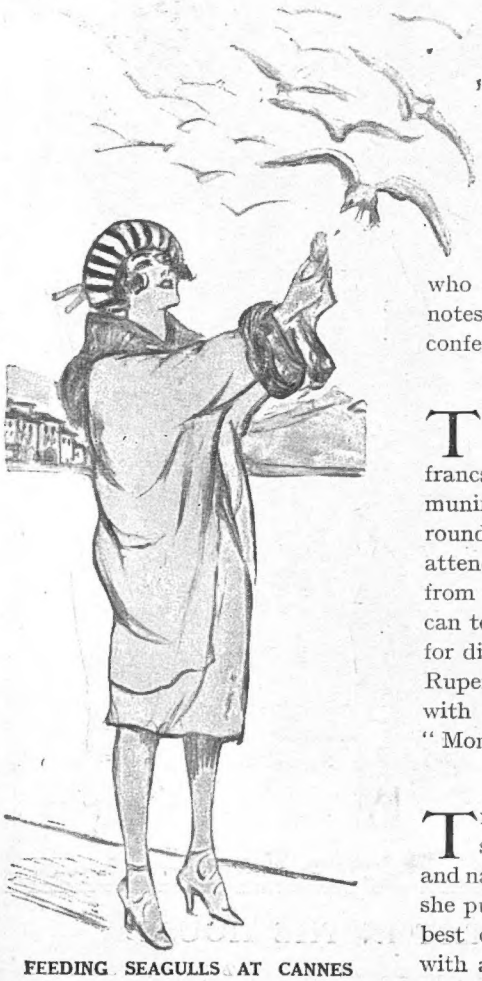
Sketches by ROSE LE QUESNE

CANNES, *February* 23

CANNES, the Queen of the Côte d'Azur, has more than come into her own this year of Peace. As you bask in the sunshine on the Croisette you see pass *tout ce beau monde* which used to frequent Nice and Monte Carlo.

THE RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS IN THE CASINO, CANNES

IN the Casino, all types are to be found, devotees of the goddess chance. There is the English *milor'*, he of the sloping forehead and receding chin, whose stakes are small, and whose conviction is that "you can never win at this bally game, what!" and the *jolie petite dame en grande toilette*, who flings away thousand-franc notes as if they were so much confetti.



FEEDING SEAGULLS AT CANNES

THERE is the *père de famille*, who watches his little hundred francs with anxious eyes, and the munificent war profiteer, surrounded by a bevy of waiters and attendants, ready to catch the tips from the rich man's pocket. You can tell at a glance who is winning, for directly you get a bank there is Rupert at your elbow, plying you with footstools, asking tenderly if "Monsieur desire un cocktail."

THERE is the ancient *dame*, who should, by all the laws of art and nature, be in her bath-chair. But she puts a rose in her hair with the best of us, and follows the game with a persistence *acharné*.

AT the *bal masqué* one realises the true inwardness of the French spirit of economy and thrift. Here is no strain on the country's resources of silk and cloth. Cleopatra in a yard of ribbon and a string or two of beads—the most solid part of her costume a heavily plaited wig of royal blue *chenille*, Columbine in the briefest of *tulle* skirts, a *bacchante* in the airiest of floating draperies.

BUT at Cannes there is no neglect of *la vie sportive*. *On joue au tennis*, and the Polo Club of the Côte d'Azur is in full swing, under the able presidency of the Baron Meronet de St. Marc, and Major "Rattle" Barrett, the popular "manager sportif," is pulling together an excellent team, which includes Lord Rocksavage and Sir Pyers Mostyn.

THE Carlton Tennis Club has just played off a very successful tournament, in which some first-class tennis was to be seen, in spite of the absence of the wonderful little Mlle. Lenglen, who has gone on to Monte Carlo.

RIVIERA NOTES (concluded)

Captain Gordon Lowe put up a very fine game in the finals, beating Ritchie by 6-4, 6-2. Miss Ryan, in the Ladies' Singles, was altogether too much for Mrs. Beamish, beating the latter by 6-0, 6-1. She deserved her victory, for her service is unusually powerful, and her placing brilliant. She and Ritchie easily won the Mixed Doubles. Little Dick Ritchie is an expert on form, and promises soon to follow in his famous father's footsteps.

A delightful way to pass the day is to drive up to the golf-course, lunch at the pretty club-house, and then do a gentle round, returning in time for the *dîner fleuri* at the Casino and a dance or gamble to follow.

All Cannes waits with bated breath upon the movements of the Shah of Persia, who has recently arrived. Whether he is accompanied by the ladies of his harem or not history does not tell. At any rate, His Oriental Majesty is sufficiently Westernised to take a deep interest in golf. Will he succumb to its fascinations? I wonder.

E. W. B.

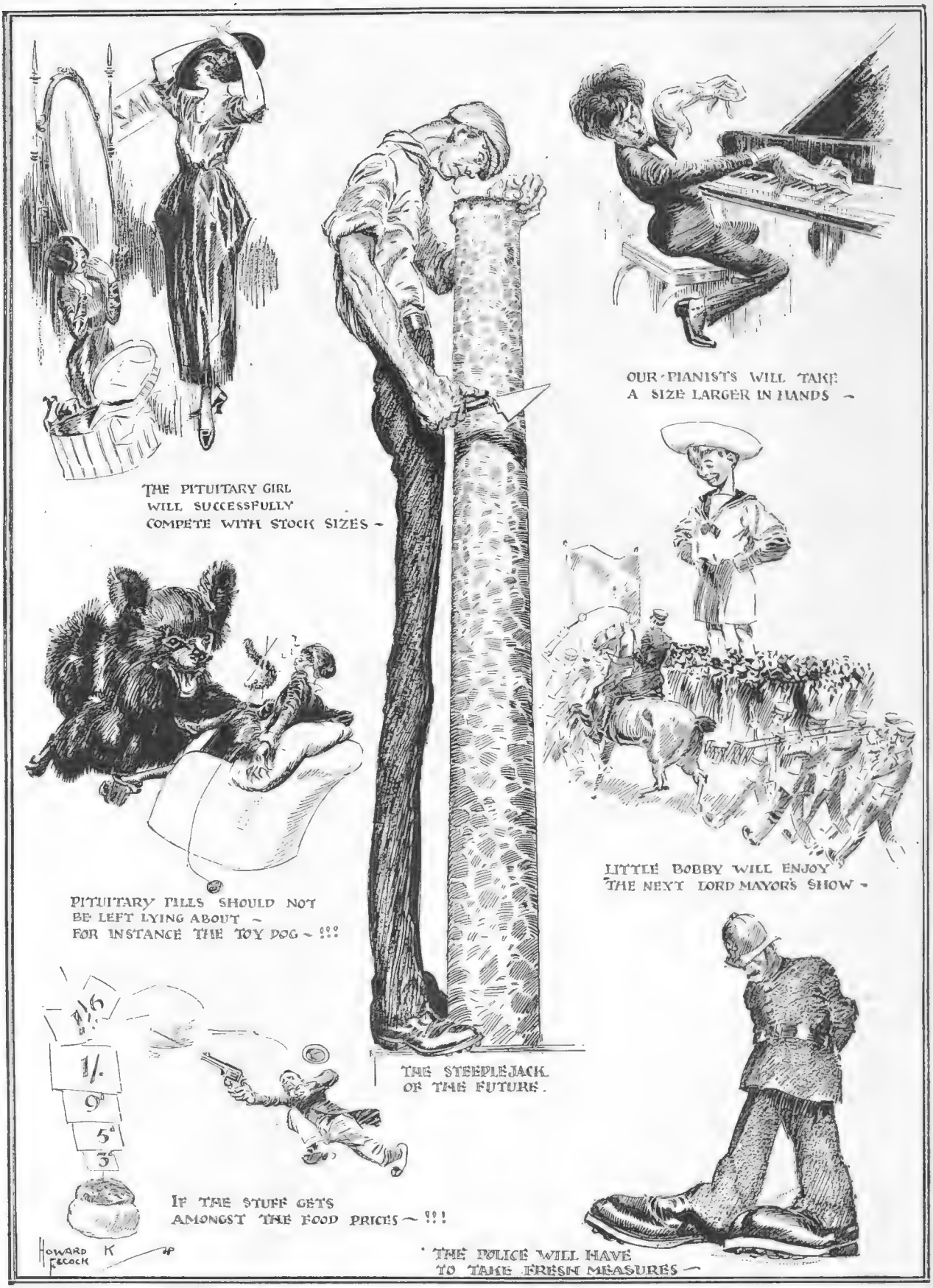
TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS

BACCARAT AT CANNES

THE DOG

ON THE CROISETTE, CANNES

A New "En-gland"



THE ADVENT OF THE PITUITARY AGE

[*"There are half-a-dozen mysterious glands in the human body into which research is being made, and quite the most important is the pituitary. On the activity of this little particle of brain matter depends whether we are dwarfs or giants or people of ordinary stature."*—DAILY PAPER.]

By HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

CORNISH RIVIERA, *March* 8, 1920

DEAR COUSIN—

DO you remember Keats' Sonnet on Blue?

Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven—the domain
Of Cynthia—the wide palace of the sun. . . .
Blue! 'Tis the life of waters—ocean
And all its vassal streams: pools numberless
May rage and foam and fret, but never can
Subside if not to dark-blue nativeness.
Blue! gentle cousin of the forest green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers,
Forget-me-not—the bluebell, and that queen
Of secrecy, the violet . . . .

BECAUSE it's just like that here on the English Riviera, now. Full of sweet sound, full of sweet wind and sun—which, I think, is Swinburne, isn't it? And up on my high green hill, such a long way from all of you in London now, I look down on seas and seas of ravishing, enchanting, delicious, bewitching blue. *Such* a blue! The blue of a baby's eyes, the blue of a pimpernel in its frame of green, the blue of an April sky, a deep, wonderful turquoise blue, that's a deeper blue still where the little, old, grey fishing village pushes out to sea.

AS if to look back over its shoulder at the beauty of its own stony setting, against the frowning black Cornish rocks, and the rust-brown heather, and the pine hills up beyond. Sometimes, when the soft sea mist comes up and turns the blue into a shadowy twilight-grey, it is hardly a real live town at all. It's a mirage, a picture in a mirror, a dream.

AND it lies there, stilly wondering, I think, in its sleepy, devious West Country way, whether it's a part of the rocky headland, born—

Between the flowing and ebbing tides of fate,
Of the pulse of the wind, the passion of the sea.

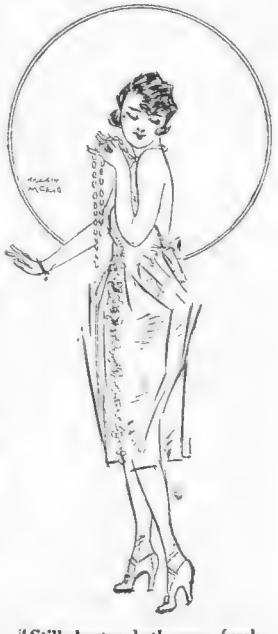
Or whether it is just sea-foam of the blue Atlantic, crystallised for generations of fisherfolk, by some mysterious magic of Merlin's wand, in the days when King Arthur sat with his knights at the Round Table, and King Mark ruled in Cornwall.

OF course, it's rather dull. But you can't have everything, can you? And after months and months of London, London the very dearly beloved, that, all the same, like all imperious lovers, is just a little *énervant*—well, I can bear it, for a little, anyway. There's such lots of lovely things to see and hear and feel, if there isn't anything to do. I love the wild west wind that whips tight around one's knees even the shortest and tweediest of country skirts.

"Short country skirts"

I LOVE the trees, all bending under the amorous will of the gales that blow from the Atlantic. I love the little bays, with their wide stretches of smooth, sea-washed silver sand. I love the little, dirty, huddled cobbled streets, and the funny, foreign, fishy smells, and the cats that sit on the doorsteps in the sun, and the little peeps through granite archways that remind you of Naples or a fishing village in Sicily. And the nets drying, and—no! I don't love, not *very* much, these dark, strange Cornish people, so little Saxon, almost a small, remote nation in themselves.

AND, oh! *nearly* forget, the very best thing of all—the Cornish cream! None of your soft, Devonshire stuff, but cream, solid as the rocky land that bears so rich a pasture. Cream that makes me sleep, and even, I do believe's, made me fatter—though not so fat, I hope, as'll prevent me trying on, and, perhaps even buying, some of those new, still shorter, *both* ways, frocks, they've been tempting poor weak woman with at the spring shows of March.



"Still shorter, both ways, frock they've been tempting poors weak women with"

MEANTIME, the world forgetting by the world forgot (just for a minute)—

On high, green turreted cliffs by the sea
We taste great weather.

True, it's sometimes pretty rotten weather, the sort

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

of weather that impels to woolliness rather than to *crêpe de Chine*. But at least all the fog there is is a spumey, foamy, vaporous haze, and when it's fine it's very, very fine, and a heavenly blue, as well as green and gold, as aforesaid. And all the flowers simply years forrader than up in our Eastern counties now.

卐 卐

PICTURE to yourself fields of great, big, long-stemmed violets, and woods full of tall golden daffodils. And wall-flowers, very rich and dark and deeply scented, and snowdrops and primroses, and all the other little spring flowers that stand like Rupert Brooke's young Apollo—

. . . dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life.

"The Hun mit Frau und Kinder"

卐 卐

WHO was it said he'd like to be buried in Rome in spring? In that great Rome which pays such honour to her dead; where popes, and emperors, and saints, and cardinals lie hidden in porphyry tombs, or couched in baths of jasper and chalcedony and malachite, ablaze with precious stones and metals. . . . Where all that was mortal of Keats, and Shelley's heart, lie buried. But, I think, better than even in Imperial Rome, one could, perhaps, sleep here. Such a lovely lullaby, this ocean, with "its vastness, its blue-green." And quite a good fate in death, don't you think, to make them deeper coloured still, these rich flowers of our West Country?

卐 卐

WHICH reminds me, very nice and refreshing and revengeful and healthy the War sentiments of this far part of our world. Brings with it all the scent and savour of the sea, and something of its cold cruelty, too, the proud *hauteur* of the plain white marble tablet, so austerely standing out against the gaunt black wall of a harbour side cottage. It looks straight out across the harbour upon the sea in which they sleep, immortalising the town's War dead—

Lest We Forget.
"HUN."
1914—1918
Erected by Sailors
To the Memory of Sailors.

卐 卐

GOOD old Nelsonic, bluff-Briton, confound-our-enemies touch about that, isn't there? Great relief it is, I tell you, after the "we're-all-brothers-again" atmosphere that prevails in less eclectic, if more sophisticated, circles nearer Whitehall. And won't half annoy the tourist Hun, when he starts out again on his travels in once again friendly England (*mit Frau und Kinder*, an' all) *je ne pense pas*.

卐 卐

MAY that day be far distant! But, alas! I fear it's all too near—*Der Tag* of that long-promised invasion of our island country, the unfulfilled promise of War fulfilled in Peace. I'm told you can almost hear the guttural echo already—of the Hun at our gates, waiting to undersell the Englishman, and take his job. Really, must get busy, mustn't we?

卐 卐

BUT I can't *quite* make up my mind just how it's going to work out—the very latest employment scheme. Which is to provide godmothers for ex-officers, you know. Idea is, any lady keen on carrying on in Peace as in War should "adopt" an officer, and, as a circular puts it, "give him introductions to her friends." The patronesses—the word is, perhaps, a little unfortunate in this connection, but there! Begg—I mean, "Adopteds," can't be choosers, can they? The patronesses, as I was saying, are, to avoid monotony, various. From Countesses to Labour Members' wives, from Ladies-in-Waiting to ex-Gaiety girls, from the Old Nobility to the New Rich.

卐 卐

Quelle chance! Be almost like the old War again, won't it? The girls'll love it, anyway, I'm sure. Haven't heard yet, in my country fastnesses, but I guess, if the committee's not snowed under already, it very soon will be—by patriotic ladies clamouring for ex-officer godsons, I mean.

"At The Embassy Club's Oriental Night"

卐 卐

IN fact, not sure that we aren't here face to face with the Great Solution—of that horrible million superfluous women problem. Become a godmother to a *nice* ex-officer myself, I would, for tuppence—if he'd bring his spurs to tea and toast the buns on his sword, if not beaten into a ploughshare, that is. Only I spent it—my last tuppence, I mean—at the Embassy Club's Oriental Night. Observed, from my quiet, sequestered corner, quite a few ex-officers wanting godmothers or something.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

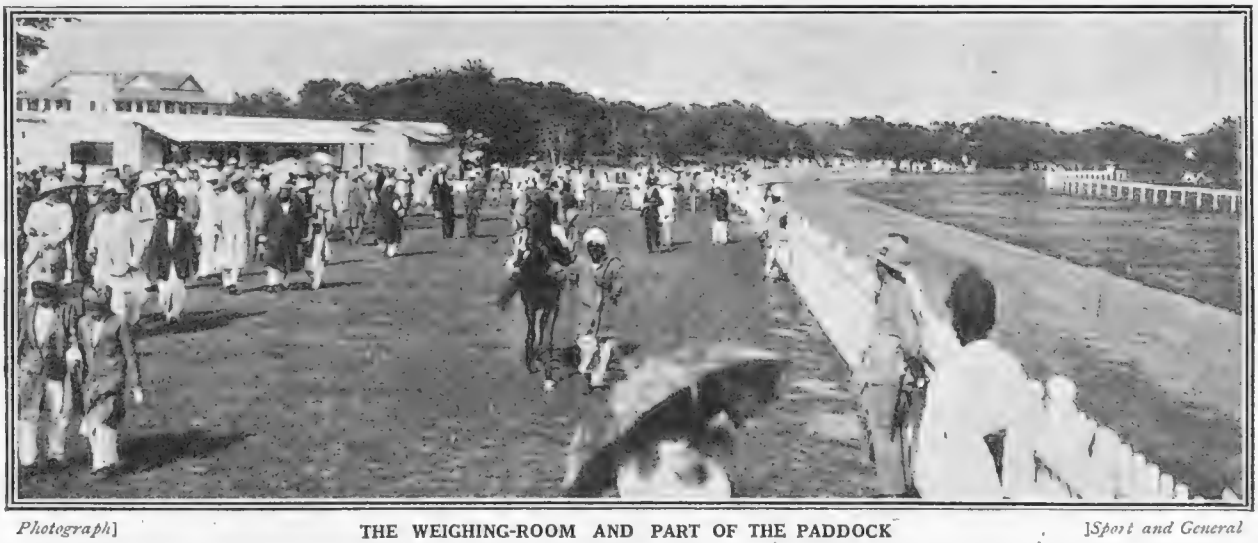
India's "Royal Ascot"

SCENES AT THE RECENT MADRAS RACE MEETING

RACE-GOERS RETURNING TO THE PADDOCK FROM THE GRAND STAND

THE ARRIVAL IN STATE OF LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON AT THE RACES

Lady Willingdon is seen descending from the carriage



Photograph] THE WEIGHING-ROOM AND PART OF THE PADDOCK [*Sport and General*

Lord Willingdon's advent as Governor of Madras has effected a revival in racing in India's senior principality. After a lapse of five years a meeting was arranged and took place towards the end of January on the race-course at Guindy, the course being rejuvenated for the occasion. It was a complete success, both from the sporting and social points of view

Stars in the Ascendant

BY HIGGINS

MISS EVELYN LAYE

MISS EVELYN LAYE first began to attract the attention of West End managers when playing in a suburban tour of the London Pavilion revue, "Honi Soit". But the first real step towards her ambition (now realised) to play lead at the Gaiety was made when Sir Alfred Butt, after seeing her in pantomime at Portsmouth, engaged her for a small part in "The Beauty Spot" in 1918. Since then she has remained at the Gaiety, playing in "Going Up," "The Kiss Call," and now as leading lady in an up-to-date version, shortly to be produced, of "The Shop Girl"

PETER IBBETSON

AT THE SAVOY

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

You must know that in order to "dream true" you should go to sleep thinking hard of where you would like to be, and by-and-by, in dreamland, you will be there. Mimsey tells us this and Mimsey knows, because she taught Gogo to "dream true" so that when they were away from one another they could meet in their dreams. And that is the text of this beautiful fancy in which the happy past is lived again in sleep.

In some costume-plays, vividly typical of the dead and buried past, we may smile charitably at the amiable eccentricities of attire which the poor deluded gallants of the day regarded as very fine feathers indeed. But the period of this play goes no farther back than 1870, and though the costumes strike us as amusing now, the laugh is, for many of us, against ourselves. Peter Ibbetson is represented by Mr. Basil Rathbone, and we meet him first at Mr. Deane's house where there is an evening "party." It is here that Peter meets the Duchess of Towers. He does not know her; but something seems to tell him that they have met before. And then, imbued by the same idea, the Duchess singles him out of the crowd and talks to him.

Peter has grown up now, but he was once the little Gogo whom Mimsey taught to "dream true." And Mimsey, though she has since become a Duchess, still dreams at times. Peter and the Duchess have therefore met in dreamland, and though neither is familiar with the outward physical appearance of the other after all these years, their souls are still conversing intimately. Another

guest at the "party" is Colonel Ibbetson, a superb piece of acting by Mr. Gilbert Hare. The Colonel is one of the "dawgs" of the period, a combination of the perfect dandy and the deadly ladykiller. When he sees a piano it at once occurs to him that the company must be positively thirsting to hear him sing. And when he has sung his song, he enquires as to the authorship of such a beautiful thing, and affects surprise at hearing that the author is himself.

Two years later Peter is back in Paris. As most people know there had been a "sort of War" in the interval, between 1870 and 1872, but, mercifully, no mention is made of it in this play. We have had a bit of trouble of our own more recently, and we don't want to go digging into history books to add to the gloom. Peter is staying at an inn, brooding always over these old memories, when one day there comes to the coffee-room an old, old man, so old that he is in charge of a Sister of Mercy. But he comes every day with true Parisian persistence for his *apéritif*. And when he sees Peter he apologises for not lifting his hat, because he is so old and catches cold so easily. This character, represented by Mr. William Burchill, is one of the most beautiful and natural studies of senility that I think I have ever seen. Peter recognises the old man at once. He is Major Duquesnois, who used to take Gogo and Mimsey on his knee and tell them rare tales of the world of adventure by flood and field. The Major's memory is very elusive, but by degrees he recalls those dear old days.

When the Major has departed Peter has a longing to lie down on a couch and "dream true." And so we find ourselves presently in the old garden at home. There is Major Duquesnois with Gogo and Mimsey at his knee; and in the dream there are father and mother and the blustering Colonel Ibbetson, who is pursuing the young woman with a clandestine and guilty courtship. In the dream, too, there is Peter in his present life-size shape, while the Duchess flits in and out of the picture to make it complete. After a while the Colonel's attentions to the lady become too oppressively unwelcome, and she threatens to call her husband; while Peter sees himself in the dream taking his mother in his arms and vowing that he will protect her from the danger by which she is beset. And he wakes again in the coffee-room of the inn, calling to his mother to have no

MADELINE ROBINSON AS MIMSEY. DENNIS RIVERS AS GOGO ETHEL GARRINGTON AS MME. PASQUIER

fear, since he is there, and she will be safe with him. He has dreamed so "true" that it is some time before he is quite awake and satisfied that he is dreaming on more.

IT is at Colonel Ibbetson's rooms in London that Peter hears the news that spoils his life. The Colonel, in his vainglorious boastings of his irresistible charm, has swept Peter's mother into the list of his alleged conquests, and for that calumny he must answer to Peter himself. There are hot and angry words between the two, and then the excited Colonel picks up an old dagger from the mantelshelf, and approaches the young man with clear intent to murder. Peter snatches the Colonel's heavily mounted walking-cane and beats the old man down, and continues to beat him until life is extinct. For this offence Peter has to answer to the law, and though it seemed to me he acted only in self-defence, he is condemned to the scaffold. Peter does not mind that. His one wish is to die; and when, at the eleventh hour, his death sentence is lifted from him he is disappointed and grieved.

AND then in his loneliness he "dreams true" again. Once more he is back in the old home, and this time he meets the Duchess and takes her in his arms while she tells him that she knows why he killed Colonel Ibbetson, and bids him hope on to the end. When Peter awakes from that dream his reason has gone. For forty years he lives with a disordered mind, and we see him again in a graceful epilogue at the point of death. Here his reason comes back sufficiently to make him want to "dream true" for the last time. He calls aloud for Mimsey, and we know then that it is of her that he would dream. But Mimsey is dead. Nevertheless, so "true" does he dream that she is called back to his bedside. Gently she consoles him, telling him that she has stolen away for a few brief moments from her home on the other side, and that he must have faith and courage, since he is soon to join them all in the happier place where they are waiting to receive him.

AND as the spirit of Mimsey fades away, Peter's head falls back on his pillow, and the end comes. Miss Constance Collier as the Duchess of Towers gives distinction and reality to all her scenes, whether they are mundane or in the shadowy land of dreams; and she has caught the exquisitely dainty charm of the story with a nice perfection. It is not, perhaps, an entertainment for matter-of-fact people, who are reluctant to give their imaginations play, but the right kind of people who can make due allowance for fanciful make-believe will find in this delicate fancy a whole world of charm and delight. JINGLE

WILLIAM BURCHILL AS MAJOR DUQUESNOIS EVA QUILFORD-QUIN AS A SISTER OF CHARITY

More Tragedies of Peace

—AND THE "FRATTER'S" TRIUMPH

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

SYMPATHETIC reference was made last week to the trials which peace has brought to the Army as far as the Hun is concerned, but the trouble does not end there. Even amongst their own countrymen are they brought low, for the authority of the Warhouse has ceased, and the Foreign Office reigns in its stead.

AN Allied High Commission, a collection of mere civilians, is now the supreme authority, and can actually tell the Great Ones of Cologne what they may and may not do! The Bystander in Occupation is not at all popular with his old comrades in arms when he playfully twits them on their fall from greatness, and they even threaten to cancel his honorary membership of the officers' club if he persists, and remind him rather brutally of the vast gulf that exists between a "foreign office gentleman" and a mere journalist, indignantly repudiating the suggestion that the new order of things levels up matters a bit between soldiers and non-official civilians.

HOWEVER, the arrival of the advance guard of the Regulars, who are to relieve them and turn them adrift with the thanks of a grateful country and the rags of a not too magnificent gratuity, puts a period to their cutting remarks, which in most cases will shortly apply to themselves, when they join the ever increasing army of demobbed Britishers who are seeking their fortunes in Cologne.

"On the approach of the minions of the law"

ONE person only is really pleased with the peace, and he may well congratulate himself, and murmur quotations about the last being first, and the raising up of him who is of low estate. No one could have lived under a sterner ban, no one could have received more complete absolution or benediction than the "fraterniser."

OPENLY pursued in the past by hordes of flaming D.A.P.M.s and M.P.s, the object of the secret plots (made, it is said, under the palms and over the tea-cups of the "Excelsior," by neglected and indignant females), at one time openly court-martialled, and at a later period quietly deported, the tougher survivor of the chivvied species has now come into his own.

NO more need he hasten with the female object of his affections down a side street on the approach of the minions of the law or his superior officers—no longer need he avoid the Zoo, the Opera, the Rhine promenade, and other spots favoured of the Great Ones. Proudly may he walk among them now, murmuring, "Go—and do thou likewise!"

FOR does not the proclamation of no less a body than the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission itself commend his efforts, on every hoarding in Cologne, with the hope "that the intercourse between the troops of the Allied nations and the inhabitants of the Rhineland will not be a cause of friction, but rather a means for the peoples to know each other better and to advance in the mutual efforts of work, of order, and of peace towards the future of a happier humanity!"

ERIC GORDON

"Proudly may he walk among them now"

"THE PROMISED LAND"

BY E. F. HISCOCKS

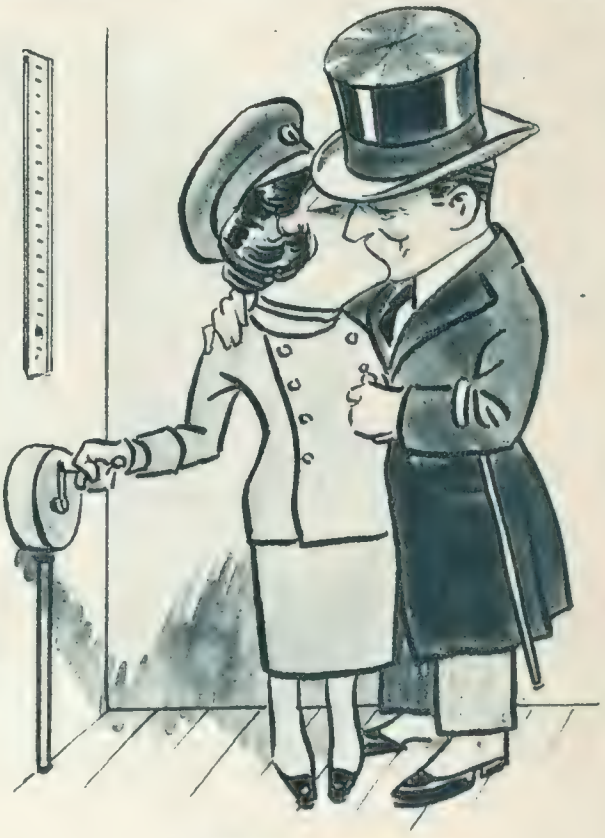
MIXED GRILL

By Reginald Arkell & Alfred Leete

"What really is the value of a pound?"

THE LATEST RIDDLE

We know what happens in the Great Beyond.
We know we mustn't libel Alfred Mond.
We know the reason for this wave of crime,
And where the flies go in the winter-time;
But here's a riddle which is gaining ground:
What really is the value of a pound?



"The lift girl is a friend of mine"

A TONIC FOR WIVES

Sugared almonds, by the score,
Chocolates, a pound or more,
Grapes, the best that you can get,
Or a scented cigarette.
If she won't be cured by that,
Buy the girl another hat.

SKYSCRAPERS

Our offices, the papers say,
Are getting taller every day.
And it will take an hour or more
To reach the ninety-second floor.
Oh, Harold! Will not that be fine!
The lift girl is a friend of mine.

"Buy the girl another hat"

NEW MASTERS

The Yanks intend to purchase all
Our grand Old Masters in the Fall.
The Chelsea boys, I understand,
Will cope with the increased demand!

"The Yanks intend to purchase all Our grand Old Masters in the Fall"

Another Heath Robinson Invention

THE BARNACLE BELL

This bell gives warning to copper-bottomed vessels of the approach of a barnacle

BY HEATH ROBINSON

More Tests

BY E. L. ROBERTS

THE President of the Aviators' Club, of Pennsylvania, as a personal contribution to the advancement of scientific knowledge, has offered to permit himself to be shot in a rocket to Mars, on the following conditions: A pilot rocket must first have been sent and proper communications established; he must be allowed to tour America before the happy despatch; ten prominent scientists must agree that the rocket is practicable; and before starting his life must be insured for £2,000—which, under the circumstances, appears to be an unduly modest assessment.

This sporting offer has spurred to emulation a number of other daring spirits who are willing to undergo equally exacting, if less novel, experiences. The following are a few of the most notable tests of endurance in prospect:

IN a recent article contributed to "The Sunday Housewife," Dr. Addison stated that he was willing to live for three consecutive days in any working-class flat converted under the supervision of the architectural department of the Ministry of Health, provided that (1) Proper means of ingress and egress were available; (2) No living apartment was more than ten feet below the level of the ground, or more than six inches deep in water; (3) All windows shall open or be fitted with breakable glass; (4) He should be allowed to spend six months under canvas at Margate before incarceration; (5) A committee, consisting of the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. Pemberton Billing, and the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, should certify that the flat was practicable for ministerial habitation; (6) His life should be insured for £200,000, and that he should receive a pension of £10,000 per annum on the successful completion of the test; or, alternatively, a public funeral in Westminster Abbey.

IN a communication to the "Rapid Transit," Sir Eric Geddes, Minister of Transport, offered to permit himself to be locked in a third-class compartment on any South-Eastern and Chatham slow train from Charing Cross to Orpington. The only conditions stipulated by the daring adventurer are: (1) Sufficient food and water for six months to be provided; (2) The windows to be cleaned before starting; (3) Stoppage in a tunnel for longer than twenty-four hours automatically to terminate the test; (4) Two hundred recognised classics, including a complete set of Bradshaw, to be provided; (5) An aeroplane postal service to be organised; (6) His life to be insured before starting for £751,246 11*s.* 5½*d.*

A LETTER has been received by the Press in which Lord Ashfield states that he is willing to travel backwards and forwards between Piccadilly Circus and Hammersmith by Tube, on any selected evening between the hours of 17.00 and 18.45. The conditions under which this test of endurance will be carried out are as follows:

(1) He shall be permitted to use—

(*a*) Armour;

(*b*) A Lewis gun;

(*c*) A coat specially manufactured of porcupines' quills "on guard."

(2) He shall be allowed to undergo six months' intensive special training, three of which shall be spent as a forward in the Rugby fifteen of a Welsh mining district; (3) In the unlikely event of his securing a seat, he shall not be expected to offer it to any straphanging lady; (4) Loss of consciousness caused by compression or suffocation shall not render a fresh start necessary; (5) He shall be allowed to descend to the platform by the stairs; (6) His life shall be insured before starting for £2,000,000.

COMPARATIVE VALUES

OLDEST INHABITANT: "An' I can mind the time, measter, years agone, when I wuz a nipper, 'ow I worked for Farmer Proudseed six summer months fer thirty shillings—ah, an' glad to get it, too!"

PROFESSIONAL HUMORIST: "Tut, tut, that's more than I make a minute!"

BY H. L. BATEMAN

Society in the Sunny South

LADY HULTON

SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE AND LORD WESTBURY

LORD FALCONER

LADY ROSSLYN

LORD ISLINGTON

LORD TERRINGTON

Photographs *E. Naveile*

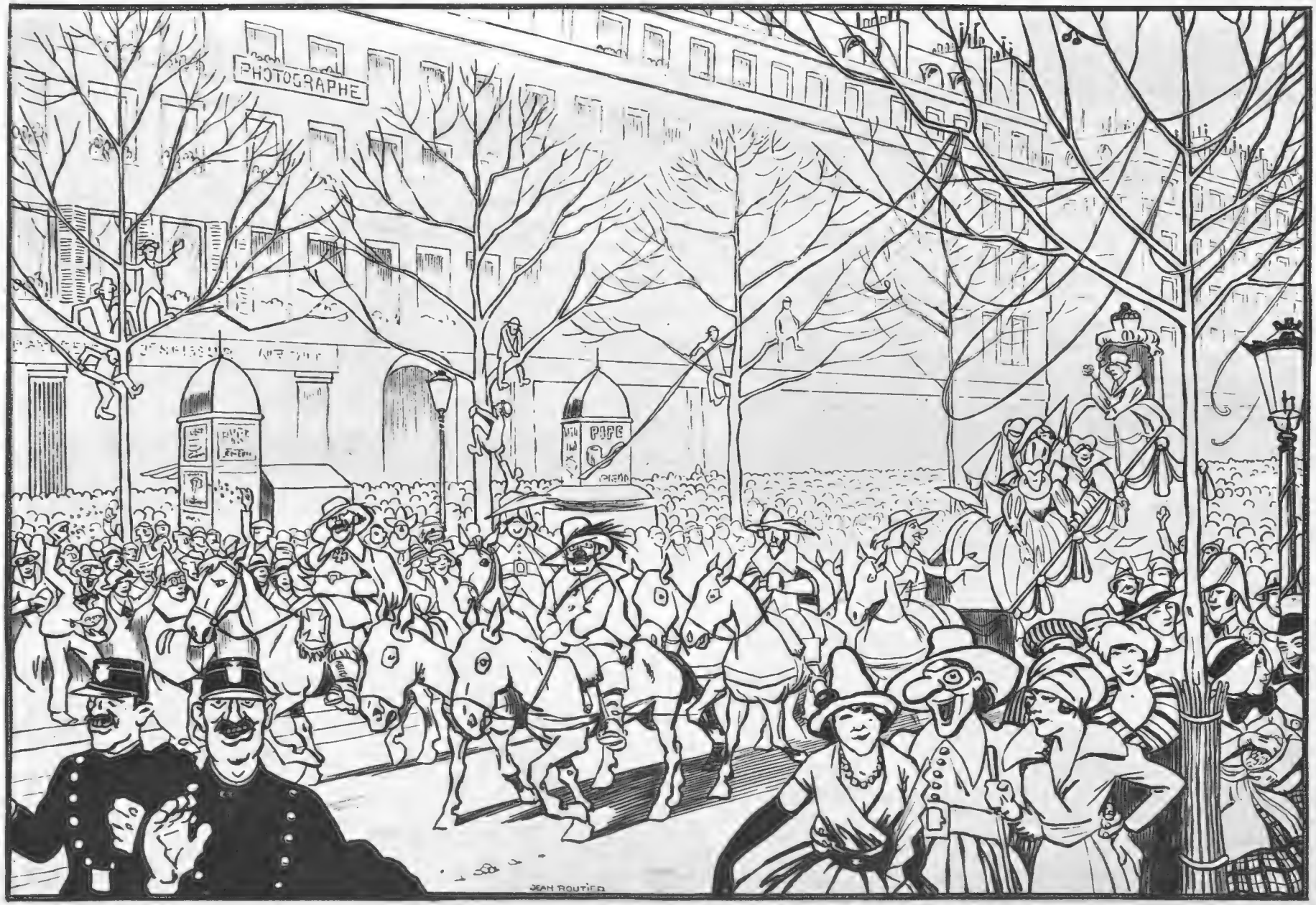
SOME PERSONALITIES ON HOLIDAY AT MONTE CARLO

PEACE

"HANDCUFFED"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Mi-Carême"



To-morrow, March 11th, all Paris keeps the festival of "Mi-Carême," which marks a break in the middle of Lent, just to vary the monotony, by one day of "feasting," of those forty days of "fasting." M. Jean Routier gives us above an impression of the great Procession of the Queen of Queens which takes place on this occasion

BY JEAN ROUTIÉR

The Bystander in PARIS

"LATEST FASHIONS." *Illustrated by* MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

OUR nerves are all torn to shreds. It is far worse than in the days of the bombardment and the discussion of the afternoon *communiqué*. Our families are all broken up, and I know twin sisters, who have been always the best friends, who have not spoken to each other for a week.

IT is not the politics or the Peace Treaty, or the trial of M. Caillaux which has produced this crisis so grave. It is the fashion. All the dressmakers' shops have gone Bolshevic, and everyone is trying to make for herself the fashion, so that no one knows what the fashion is. Truly it is a calamity, and one feels how the world has no longer any stability in these days.

"I dreamed all night"

WHEN I have been a little boy no one in France paid any attention to the laws of the Republic, except to see how they could be broken without any risk of the police. But there was the one law which was sacred. It was the law of the dressmakers what should be the fashion. Now even that is not regarded, and we have anarchy.

WHEN the exhibitions of the dressmakers have begun my sister Hélène has telephoned to me that I should come with her to see the new fashions. Hélène is what you call in England a very smart girl. Always she dresses so well that no other Frenchwoman will believe that she does not have half-a-dozen lovers. Of course, I went with Hélène, but I wish I had not.

SOME of our *mannequins* are very pretty girls, you know, and all that sort of thing, but at the end of the second day, though Hélène and all her friends were as full of fight as fox-terriers, I dreamed all night that I had to decide whether a straight skirt or *panniers* was the fashion, or be guillotined.

THAT sort of thing is bad enough, but it was only the beginning. Now every day we have the discussion. There was one house which has showed us frocks like Madame Cleopatra wore when she was having her *affaire* with Mark Anthony. Then there was another which had impudent little short frocks with a lot of *tulle* or some stuff sticking out all over. When I said that these were the best we had seen and I thought it was a topping fashion, Hélène said: "*Pas de blagues*, old one, you don't know what you are talking about. It is only because the girls are pretty at that shop. I saw you trying to catch the eye of the one in green."

SO we went to another shop. There they have decided that everyone must dress like they did when the *émigrés* came back to France after the time of Napoleon, and could not understand why all the people laughed at them. You know, the poor old things had gone away twenty years before, and thought that their big crinolines and Marie Antoinette dresses would be still in fashion like it had been at the Court. Some of our French aristocracy have never succeeded in catching up that twenty years, and that is why many of them look so dowdy. But this year they may get back into the fashion, if the

"The crinolines really are the fashion"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

panniers and the crinolines really are the fashion.

But I am not going to be so brave to say which it is. At the end of the week of the exhibitions I asked Hélène to tell me two things: whether the skirts were really longer and whether women were going to wear *panniers* or not? Hélène was very rude. She said: "Sausage, you saw the fashions yourself," but Henri, her husband, told me after dinner last night that he is unquiet about the health of Hélène because she speaks in her sleep, and says: "But, madame, *chez Telle et Telle*, they are making them like this." Henri thought I had no sympathy for my sister, because I laughed, but it was only because I know she, too, is having the dream of the straight skirt and the one with the *pannier*.

It is like that with all our women. There are the twins whom I have mentioned. Always they have dressed the same, but one wishes this year to have a crinoline, and the other wants the style of the impudent frocks which I have described. It is only the strong-minded women like my cousin, Marie Louise, who can decide. "*Voyons*," she has said at once, "if my riding-breeches fit well, old one, I shan't worry."

There are other questions, too, that are very *agaçant*. How much of their backs are the ladies going to show this season? Again, there is Bolshevism among the *couturières*. Some are decided that this year it will be even more than last. Others have made high collars for the afternoon, and are decided that one must pay attention to what the Cardinal Archbishop says about modesty.

Voilà! it is yesterday that I have written all that, and last night I have asked Gi-Gi what would be the real decision from all the talk? "Silly," she has said, "it is all decided already. Everyone will wear what she likes, and will say that the others are out of the fashion and ugly." But when I have asked her what she herself was going to wear she said she would have still a short skirt, *très étroit*, for her costume, but all her dance frocks would be crinolines. Hélène, too, has told me that that is her decision, so, after all, perhaps, that is the fashion.

"Always the twins have dressed the same"

For me I like it, because, you know, the short skirt gives an interest to this dull life, and the crinoline makes a mystery, like night should, of what the day reveals.

Some of the *mannequins* I have seen have been so like the paintings of our ancestors I have felt how we men would have to brush up our politenesses and learn again to make bows like they did at the Court of Louis Quinze. Some fellows have even gone so far as to suggest that we should wear knee-breeches and beautiful colours for our clothes. But that will not, I think, have much success in Paris. To buy a very bad suit one must pay five hundred francs, and one must be a millionaire to have a wardrobe like before the War.

Even I have noticed our *beaux* take the Metro. so as to save to buy clothes. And when they have sold "national suits" there was a queue like for a free night at the Opéra Comique.

PHILIPPE

"The short skirt gives an interest to this dull life"

"Patience"

JUSTICE WAITS BEFORE A DUTCH CHÂTEAU

BY H. LANOS

When Labour Governs

A PARLIAMENTARY FORECAST. By HILL ROWAN

In answer to the member for Seven Dials (Mr. Bill Scroggins) as to the date of Mr. Winston Churchill's trial, the Minister for Reprisals stated that the bloke was still interned in 'Olland, but the bloomin' Dutch Govimment 'ad been arsked to 'and 'im over, so 'e supposed we'd ev 'im safe in quod by a hearly generation (laughter). The secritary blokes 'ad wrote a sack-full of letters, and we 'ad telergraphed and that.

The Minister for Plunder, in answer to a question, stated that during the past Session 520 Labour members had bin raised to the Upper 'Ouse, including Lords Henderson and Pringle, 345 secretaries of Trade Unions had been given hearldoms, and it was pripposed to lay down eleven dukes of the Snowden clarss. The 'Ouse of Lords was bein' enlarged, and a new bar and a skittle alley let in. O.B.E.'s could be obtained by sending a stamped envelope to the Patronage Department.

Figures were produced by the Under Secretary for Sport showing that the last Government Lottery had realised 150 millions. Roulette tables were being set up in all National Kitchens, and a State "Bullet" competition drawn up by the Ministry of Information. Official three-card-trick men were to be attached to all race-courses, and cricket and boxing nationalised. ("'Ear, 'ear!")

The Under Secretary for War announced that active operations were being conducted against the Profiteers by the 23rd and 24th Bolshevist Fusiliers, and a large detachment of insurance directors and cotton spinners had been rounded up and captured in the North of Scotland.

On the Second Reading of the Out-of-Work Dole Extension Bill, Lord Fitzloughborough Vavasour, Chairman of the New Poor Party, made an appeal on behalf of the submerged tenth of the landed aristocracy. The working classes now received free housing, music-hall tickets, boots, liquor, and cinemas, old age pensions of five hundred a year at fifty and exemption from military service. His own income from his profession as barrister only brought him in less than three pounds a week. Compare this with the plumbers' £600 a year and the policeman's £350. Dukes had their rights as well as dustmen——

Mr. Speaker: "Horder! Horder! S'elp me!"

The manners of the House had deteriorated in his opinion under a Labour Administration. The throwing of eggs and stale bread about the Chamber, the appearance of the Cabinet in their shirt-sleeves, with clay pipes, the playing by the Premier and other roughs—hon. members, he meant—of shove-halfpenny in the Lobbies, were derogatory to tradition. He moved, in Clause 7, Line 2, after the word "donation" to add, "provided

(Continued on page 674)

["*Jazz carpets, curtains, etc., are to be followed by Jazz clothes and underwear.*"—DAILY PAPER.]

"JAZZLED"

THE MAN IN THE JAZZ PYJAMAS: "Now, where the deuce *is* the bed, anyhow?"

BY THOMAS HENRY

"Underground to Everywhere!"

1st MARTIAN PROFESSOR: "At last, the vibrations from the Earth that have been puzzling us, have assumed the form of a message"

2nd Ditto: "Well?"

1st M. P.: "It says, 'Pass right down the middle of the car, please'"

BY WALLIS MILLS

WHEN LABOUR GOVERNS (concluded)

common honesty is shown to the respectable classes." (Uproar.)

The Prime Minister, in unhesitatingly moving the rejection of the amendment, stated that this bloomin' Govimmint wasn't goin' to 'ave no rebellion. 'E would 'ev peace in this country if 'e was to put every bloomin' man in gaol to get it! 'E would like to 'ev an unemployment donation for every bloomin' man in England, and clear out property-owners, directors and crimernals of every kind.

Mrs. Snooks, of Spitalfields, which she would like to sy, as the honly lydy member in the 'Ouse, that it was 'igh time some stuck-up mistresses was put in their places. Every woman who engyged a cook must 'ev a discharge from her previous lydy cook, with no followers or afternoon-tea-pawties or nothink. Some people was that aggravatin' it was no wonder a body took a glarss sometimes—(hic)

Mr. Patsy Finnigan, member for Tipperary, had no wish to be disrespecthful, but of all the thurd-ra-ate, misfortunate, moth-eaten, mulvathered Govermints this was the rottinist! This Home Rewel Bill was no ewse—he'd raythe have the Yewnion—(sensation)—with all the la-andlords workin' as fa-arm laberers, and the tinants enjoying thimselves in England, and the polis in gaol——

Here opening time was announced and the House was counted out.

HILL ROWAN.

"EXPERIENTIA DOCET"

"Helen must write to Jimmy quite a lot"

"How d'you make that out?"

"Well, he knows right off where to turn for page two!"

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

COVERT-SIDE IN MARCH

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

"ME TWICE!"

BY G. E. STUDDY

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES.

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

No. XX.—Reggie on the Elixir of Life

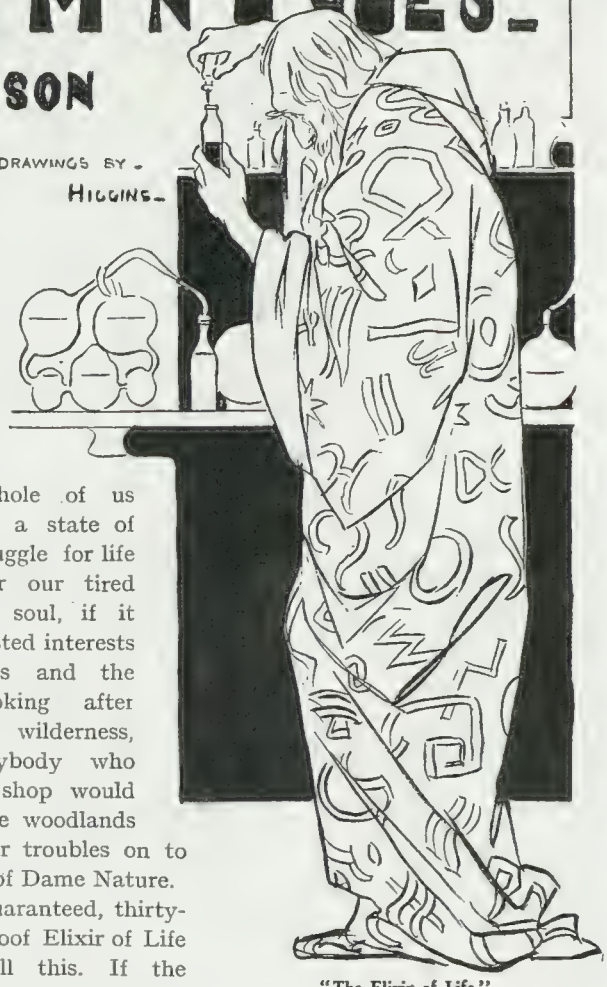
"If it is really true, Reggie, that this thyroid stuff is the Elixir of Life. . . ."

"I agree, old thing, I agree. There's no limit to the benefits it may confer on suffering humanity, etc., etc. You're absolutely right. Only I fear it won't really work out that way. Every week the newspapers discover something marvellous which is going to help this world to be a happy land. But alas! they crop up, have their little day, and cease to be. Where are the stunts of yester-year? as dear old Villon asked. And the answer is, in the back files of the newspapers. I'll bet you, my lad, that if you turned over the back numbers of the *Daily Mail* for the past twelve months you'd be staggered to find the number of benefits that have been presented to the world in that time, all of 'em guaranteed to effect a cure. And what's happened to 'em all? Alas, they've vanished, like the famous snowflake in Hades. The average stunt is too delicate a flower to stand the cold winds of real life.

"But hope springs eternal in the human breast, and we must hope for the best from this one. There's no doubt about it that just now the world needs nothing half so badly as it does an Elixir of Life. Everybody's suffering from that fed-up feeling which, so far, has been the despair of all the patent medicines. The reason why the Nations can't put their houses in order is because they're not really interested. They've won the war, and now they want to be left in peace. If the world could have its way it would take to fig leaves for its garments, eat nuts by the side of the Serpentine, and provide its own music on the pipes of Pan. It's only the English climate that prevents the whole of us drifting back to a state of Nature. The struggle for life is too much for our tired brains. 'Pon me soul, if it weren't for the vested interests of the Profiteers and the trouble of looking after children in the wilderness, I believe everybody who doesn't keep a shop would light out for the woodlands and cast all their troubles on to the ample bosom of Dame Nature.

"But a real, guaranteed, thirty-per-cent. under proof Elixir of Life would change all this. If the thyroid stunt is really a practicable one I advise our scientist johnnies to get busy with all possible despatch. The world's waiting for 'em with its collective tongue hanging out. If it could only be hurried into bottles and sold at half a crown there'd be such a sale as would make the profits of Messrs. Coats look like small change. The public would rush it. And if it does come off I advise the Government to make it a State monopoly so as to keep such a sure thing out of the hands of the Capitalists. Properly run there's no reason why we shouldn't pay off our War debts in no time out of the profits.

"Think of the change that would come over us all if we could only take our little dose of Elixir every morning! Imagine the brisk and cheerful atmosphere that would pervade the House of Commons if every Member carried a bottle in his pocket. The Opposition would be bursting with energy,



"The Elixir of Life"

and even the tired ranks of the Coalition would scarce restrain an interest in the proceedings. And a defence of his policy by the bright little Prime Minister, after sampling a dose of the new Elixir, would be something to make his critics sit up and take notice.

"The tide of life in Whitehall would flow with so strong a stream that we shouldn't know where we were. People who wanted to cross that noted thoroughfare would have to take care not to be crushed to death by civil servants dashing to and from work. Government houses would spring up like mushrooms. Transport would really get a move on, and transport something. The Brothers Geddes would perform a song and dance that would put our best knock-about artists to shame. And in every Government office you would see those scenes of activity with which we are so familiar on the films

when the comic man dashes along the street and upsets the traffic."

"Excellent, Reggie, I like to see you enthus. . . ."

"Not so fast, my dear old thing. To every obverse there is an equal and opposite reverse. I'll admit the prospect seems at first sight a pleasing one. But dear old Nature has a way of getting back on you every time you try and improve on her ancient clockwork. Man may be allowed to find out how the wheels go round, but he's not expected to poke his finger into 'em. There's always a catch in it if you try to improve on Nature.

"A sort of Milestones act—backwards"

"This thyroid stuff, as I understand it, has the property of not only turning tadpoles into brontosauruses—by the way, what is the plural of brontosaurus, old thing?—but also of bestowing youth on any aged creature that sips it. And the Faust stunt doesn't really work in real life.

"To begin with, you may be quite sure that our politicians would arrange to collar the first bottles put on the market. In fact, they'd probably sneak the first brew from the Government laboratory, or something. And then just imagine the Government tripping down to the House, not knowing whether to run there with a hoop or take out their new-found exuberance in catherine wheels executed on the pavement. Think of Lloyd George, with nice jet black hair, and dear old Arthur Balfour wearing the enquiring, surprised look and spotted tie of the newly adolescent! And the horror of the Opposition—if there is one—on finding itself faced with a line of juvenile Front Benchers, pink of cheek and full of youthful beans, but with all the cunning of old stagers who have devoted half a century or more to the great game! No, it would never do. Our politicians may have been all right to win the War, but we don't want 'em endowed with another ninety-nine years' lease. There's such a thing as overstaying your leave.

"And in private life I can see all sorts of horrid complications. Either the State would have to order everybody to take regular doses, and so put us all on an equal footing, or there would be a social mix-up compared to which Bolshevism is a mere constitutional change.

"Imagine, for instance, the family where the aged dog of a husband got wise to the new factor in life before his faithful spouse of thirty years' standing, and began taking secret nips from the bottle of Elixir purchased at the Government stores! You can see the bewilderment of his dear wife as she notices that a subtle and mystifying change has come over Alfred, and that his clothes and habits have undergone a radical *bouleversement*. It would be a case of youth and crabbed age in no time, and as you know they can never live together. Or take the case of a family where the lady of the partnership is the more ardent and enquiring spirit of the two, and gets first purchase on the bottle. You can see the amazement of dear old Darby as he sees his faithful old Joan do a sort of Milestones act backwards, and proceed from the black satin of matronly middle age back through successive stages of unexpected fascination, until she reaches the final youthful perfection of the bare backed ladies of to-day. Some old boys, no doubt, would tumble to the game, and hasten out to buy a bottle in a laudable attempt to catch up. But I fear me that others would take it hardly, and accept it as the final knock in a life already shorn of most of its pre-war delights.

"Moreover it appears that the Elixir has a sort of reverse gear. If you want to grow old quickly there's nothing to prevent you shooting up like a soda fountain. If the tadpole can get a move on to the extent described in the daily Press, well, there'd be nothing to prevent any schoolboy taking the strong waters, so to speak. He'd call on his Pa in the City and haul him out to lunch, and, in a burst of confidence, recommend his scandalised parent to something extra special in the Frivolity chorus! No, I don't see. . . ."

"But, my dear Reggie, such a great invention as this would be carefully controlled. The scientists. . . ."

"Controlled! My dear old thing, once you let a thing like this loose on a nation there's no controlling it. It would spread like a prairie fire. Old Age would be scrambling for the long-lost delights of Youth, and Youth would be prematurely butting in for the prizes of maturity. They'd meet in the middle, my lad, with such a crash that Society would disappear in the process. No, I think that if thyroid is to be applied at all to the human race it should be reserved strictly for Old Age Pensioners. In that way the poor old country might be able to economise a bit."

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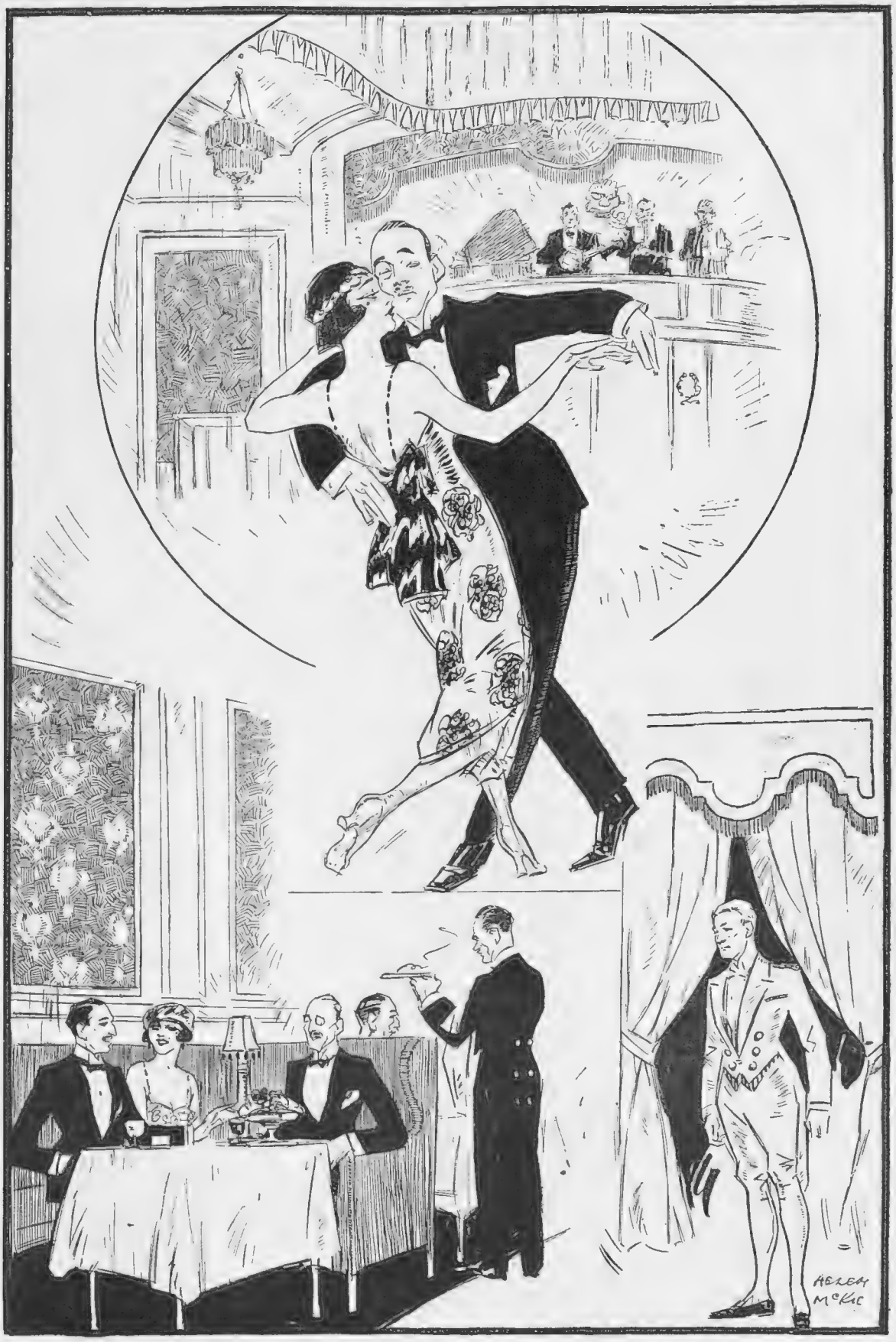
Temples of Terpsichore : "AMBASSADORIAL MAGNIFICENCE"



The type of dance-club here illustrated is of the "extra-ultra-super" variety. There are not many of them about. Rich decorations in, say, blue and gold, powdered flunkeys, brand-new coloured orchestras fresh from New York, limelight rays of many colours from the roof, and all the latest gadgets of that sort, to say nothing of "stunt" nights, help to embellish the shrine of this extremely "posh" Terpsichore.

BY HELEN McKIE

Beyond the Vale. By Adrian Ross

As we all have to go from the world here below,
Some day, though but few of us know when;
We are eager to hear where we next may appear
From the Reverend Mr. Vale Owen.
Every Sunday we snatch at a *Weekly Dispatch*
From a stall or itinerant barrow,
And cross over his "bridge," which is more like a ridge—
It's a way that you cannot call "narrow."

In that beautiful land, as we now understand,
From the reverend gentleman's story,
There are lovely abodes among woodlands and roads,
Like a sweet Garden Suburb of glory.
There are towers and halls (with collapsible walls)
Which in various parts of the land stand;
And we hear there are days for orchestral *soirées*,
When every tower's a band-stand!

"OCH HIGHER!" By Harry Woolley

Then each palace and dome of that wonderful home
Has a practice of changing its colour,
And delights the elect by a lightning effect,
As its radiance grows brighter or duller.
There are columns of rays whose beatified blaze
To a swarm of the seraphim can turn;
Which the spirits enjoy like an innocent boy
Who is seeing his first magic lantern.

What a pity that this panorama of bliss
When translated to commonplace "copy,"
Should amount on the whole to a dull rigmarole
In a style one can only call sloppy.
Dr. Johnson would say, were he living to-day—
(He is not, and may well be resigned to it),
'T is easy enough to write reams of such stuff,
"If a man will abandon his mind to it."

For it seems very queer that the reverend seer
Is a writer of infinite tedium,
Who outstodges the stodge of a Doyle or a Lodge,
Or a semi-illiterate medium.
And the world he unveils in the series of tales
That he tells to us one day in seven—
Well, the land of the dead may be all he has said,
But it isn't my notion of Heaven.

Every nation and tribe has its seers who describe
(From a knowledge that's frequently scanty)
The abodes of the blest, and the bad, and the rest—
E. G., Homer, or Milton, or Dante.
The Mohammedan longs for the Houris in throngs
Who will fan him and straighten his turban;
His ideal is low—I admit this is so,
But at least it is more than suburban.

When a clergyman writes of his Vale of delights,
With its villas, its band and its chorus,
When he tells us that this is his vision of bliss—
Does he realise how it would bore us?
For whenever I hear of that marvellous sphere,
And the joys that he says we shall know there,
I must sadly confess that I cannot express
How I jolly well *don't* want to go there!

VENUS PENCILS

(Reproduction of sketch by the late Hayward Young, drawn entirely with Venus Pencils.)

OUT of the mists, thy gleaming pillars tall,
Thy noble dome, thy golden cross and ball,
Arise majestic! Sun-kissed from the West,
Peaceful and calm, above the great unrest.
Thy mighty river, winding far below,
Bears on its bosom ships that come and go;
Laden with merchandise both rich and rare,
They carry VENUS PENCILS everywhere.

Venus Pencils, obtainable in all 17 degrees, 6B to 9H.
B's indicating Softness; H's indicating hardness.

HB or F for general writing
B or BB for softer lead
H or HH hard firm writing
Venus Copying; super copying.

OF ALL STATIONERS.

The Venus Art Book, containing twelve beautiful reproductions in monochrome of "London's Lights and Shades," sent post free on receipt of 6d.

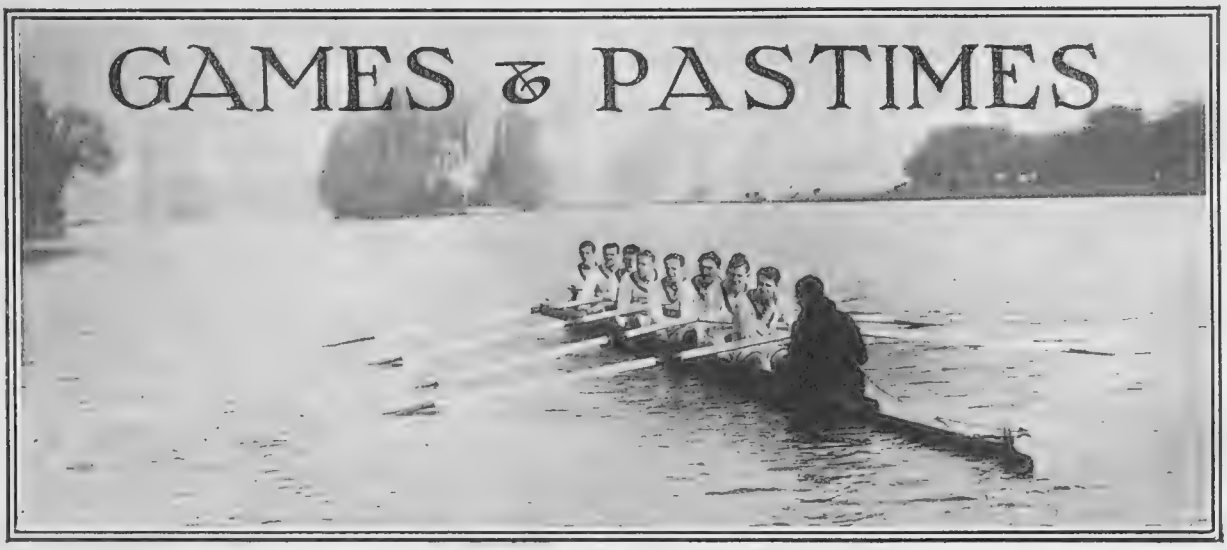
"VENUS," 173/5 Lower Clapton Road, LONDON, E. 5.

"Whom the King Delighteth to Honour"

Some impressions of the recent Rugby football match at Twickenham, between the Royal Navy and the Army, at which the King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, was present. The match (which has naturally been in abeyance since 1914) was won by the Navy by 23 points to 11 after a spirited game in which there was much fine play on both sides

By PHYLLIS KERMODE

GAMES & PASTIMES



THE OXFORD CREW AT HENLEY

Photographed on the last day of their sojourn there, when Mr. Harcourt Gold, who is coaching them at Putney, took charge. He is seen preaching them one of his famous little sermons to which they are listening intently. The crew took longer than Cambridge to settle down, but their supporters are now becoming quite hopeful

THE PHYSIQUE OF THE NATION

A Disquieting Report

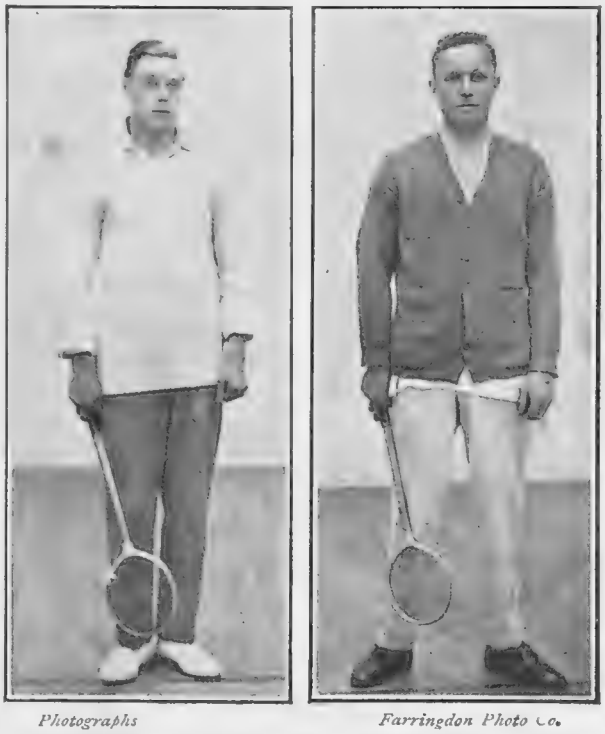
THE report of the committee appointed to investigate the results of the physical examination of men of military age by the National Service Boards brings once more into prominence the necessity for paying more heed to the pursuit of athletic pastimes if the physical deterioration of the nation as a whole—which the report reveals only too clearly—is to be arrested. "I am glad," says Professor Keith, one of the members of the committee, in a recent article in the *Evening Standard*, "to see people going to football matches. But it is not enough for them to be exercising their minds in watching a game; they should exercise their physique in playing."

Playing Games by Proxy

HERE we have the crux of the situation. It is a well-known fact that thousands and thousands of young men, particularly in our large towns, make a practice of playing their games by proxy, and, of all the lazy ways of spending an afternoon, looking on at games is, perhaps, about the best; it, at any rate, keeps the looker-on in the open air for the greater part of an afternoon, and away from other and less desirable forms of recreation. But, as Professor Keith says, it is not enough. He goes on to say that we want more playing-fields.

The Pressing Need

EVEN more important, to my mind, than the provision of more playing-fields, though that is essential enough, is the necessity for making young people realise that some form of active exercise is essential for the attainment of physical fitness. The *Field*, in a leading article some weeks ago, deplored the fact that we are becoming more and more a nation of onlookers, and emphasised the need of some systematic effort in order to arrest this tendency. We are told that the young men who look on at professional football do so because, in the conditions under which they live, there is nothing better for them to do. It is obvious, of course, that they could not all be playing football, but there are plenty of athletic pastimes, which do not require playing-fields, in which they could indulge quite easily if they gave their minds to it. They look on, not from necessity, but from choice, because it is the fashionable thing to do, nor is there much doubt that the craze for this particular form of sport would not be as great as it is were it not for the facilities which it affords for gambling. By all means let us have more playing-fields wherever space can be found for them; but what is still more urgently wanted is an educational campaign which will convince the rising generation of the vital importance to their health and happiness of keeping physically fit. Once they are convinced of



Photographs *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND CAPTAIN ERIC LODER

Who contested the final of the Bath Club Squash rackets handicap on the Tuesday of last week. Captain Loder (scratch) who was giving the Prince 7, won by two games to one after an extremely close match

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

that they may be trusted to find out for themselves the way to achieve it. We must aim at something higher in these days than a recreation for the masses for which the most that can be said is that it is preferable to the more disreputable kinds of loafing.

HOCKEY

Onlookers "By Desire"

A CORRESPONDENT, who is an official of a well-known hockey club, has written to me to say that he thinks that the Hockey Association made a mistake when, on the occasion of the recent England *v.* The Rest Trial at Beckenham, they published a notice asking clubs in and around London to scratch their matches, and so leave their members free to support the fixture at Beckenham. He says that hockey players are loyal people, and only too willing to support the H. A., financially or otherwise, when called upon; consequently, they do not like to ignore a request of this kind; but with many of them the hard exercise of the Saturday afternoon game is of vital importance from a health point of view, apart from which playing, he contends, is at all times preferable to looking on. To many players an International Trial, or even an International, makes no appeal if there is a place open for them in any sort of a team.

Photograph *Central News*

THE HON. F. S. GOUGH-CALTHORPE

The well-known Cambridge cricketer, who has just been appointed Captain of Warwickshire. He is the only surviving son of Lord Calthorpe, and was a subaltern in the R.A.F. during the War

A Reasonable Protest

I AM inclined to think that my correspondent's gentle protest is justified. The majority of the clubs may have scratched their matches on that particular Saturday, but their members certainly did not roll up in their thousands at Beckenham, and this would indicate that my correspondent's views are shared by hockey players at large. Moreover, I am in accord with the proposition (speaking generally) that playing is preferable to looking on, and I think that players should be perfectly free to exercise their choice in a matter of this kind, and not have any sort of pressure brought to bear upon them. I am aware that in Rugby football it is the practice of a great number of the London clubs not to arrange fixtures for dates on which International matches are played in London, but I am not aware that the Rugby Union has ever taken measures to induce clubs to do so, or that the practice has ever been at all prevalent in the case of International Trials.

H. S. S.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.

FIRST AID

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17" by 12" at 1s. each.

"THE GENTLE ART"

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I TREASURE the belief that actually and individually I am not commercial—perhaps we all have comic illusions about ourselves—and if I felt actually and individually material I should commit suicide. Yet the disturbing fact remains that the peculiar style of advertising I have adopted has been responsible for considerable commercial success.

What inference can one draw from this? I claim no personal credit for it, because I have written always to please myself. The tribute therefore should be paid to the intelligent section of the community who read my "advertisements."

Advertising is an art. But at present it is a developing art. It is a new force puking before puberty.

Despise it as we may, we are in for the greatest commercial era the world has ever known—a world ruled by commerce. It will be for some time disgustingly material, but it is nevertheless inevitable.

And into the vortex of commerce, because of the fundamental instinct to live, will be swept the artists and writers of the future. That is the only hope, for the artists will be the saviours. And if art cannot live we may as well blot out the rotten world to-morrow.

Therefore, I look to the advertisements of the future to be written by great writers, and to represent literature, and all advertising pictures to be painted by great artists and to represent art.

It is possible to conceive the new Shaw writing one play, one book, and two advertisements each year.

* * * * * * * * * *

After all, it is but logical that only the most carefully studied and brilliantly expressed writing should appear in the text of any advertisement.

The "literary matter" I write for my advertisements is read weekly by at least five million people—greater public than an author or playwright can possibly appeal to.

Therefore, one must be witty, subtle, fresh and original, or, at least—unless one is particularly dull or lazy—one's copy must always be more interesting than the leading article in the paper in which it appears.

There is one penalty, however, one has to pay for creating a standard—perpetual work is so tiresome.

For some of us there is no happiness in this world, but there is a hell of a lot of pain and joy.

* * * * * * * * * *

My virtue is occasionally misunderstood, perhaps because I never exhibit hypocritical modesty. One thing connected with me is, at any rate, commercially moral, and that is the comparative modesty of the charges made by this House for its productions. Lounge Suits from £12 12s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

The Jottings of Joan

The Ladies' Club, Harrods, SW

DEAR ROSAMUND,

HAD tea with the Seymour-Jones's yesterday; and what do you think they've done? Absolutely revolutionised the inside of their house—black panelling, my dear, from garret to cellar, and the whole place re-carpeted with a delightful ribbed production in a pretty putty shade. You never saw anything so distinctive! *Of course*, I found out where the carpeting came from. "Harrods have it in all colours," said Mrs. Seymour-Jones. "They call it Hair Carpeting. Only 10s. 9*d*. a yard, 27 in. wide, and everlasting!"

The Carpet Sale

AND there's a *Sale* of Carpets on this week at Harrods from Monday the 15th to Saturday the 20th. Whatever happens, don't miss it. This is assuredly the last chance we shall get for many a day of securing anything at a reasonable price.

Personally, I am investing in one or two of those exquisite hand-made Persian Rugs I saw there yesterday. *Wonderful* combinations of colour and such fascinating intricacies of design. And the *sheen*, my dear, well, it takes an Oriental to get the real luxurious lustre on them, doesn't it? Harrods have a marvellous stock, many priced as low as £10. But don't delay or you will find the best gone.

For the "New Poor"

WHILE you are there, ask to see a carpet called the "Pentagon." No, it is not five-sided as the name suggests, but an ordinary rectangular variety. Specially designed for the "New Poor," my dear, for those who simply *must* have something artistic and good wearing, yet at an economical figure. The "Pentagon" is made of jute, and put through a new process, which renders it practically fadeless. Moreover, it is obtainable in all sizes and various tastefully blended colourings. Only £7 15s. Think of it!

Of course, what I consider *the* feature of the Sale as regards price are the Remnant Carpets—those made up from short ends and odd lengths. All sizes, colourings, and designs, some bordered and some not. All at wonderful bargain prices!

So *do* come to the Carpet Sale, my dear, if only to help me choose. I want to secure some really good pieces before they are all bought up. Monday, March 15, is the opening day, and on Saturday, the 20th, it ends.

Ever yours,
JOAN.

Harrods—the Inevitable!

No single factor has contributed more to Harrods pre-eminence than an abiding regard for the QUALITY of all merchandise offered. When that quality is considered, the solid attractiveness of Harrods offerings becomes apparent. After all, it is no small thing for men and women to know that whatever they buy from this House, they can depend implicitly upon its being the best thing of its kind.

'MIDHURST' SHIRT
Of good quality crêpe de Chine, with effective collar and double cuffs, for links. In ivory, pink, sky, champagne, cherry, navy, mauve or black. Sizes 13½, 14, 14½ in. 15in. 3/- extra. **49/6**

'DESMOND' SHIRT
In heavy crêpe de Chine, designed and made in our own workrooms. In ivory, pink, sky, champagne, mauve, navy or black. Sizes 13½, 14, 14½in. 15in. 58/9 **55/9**

'STOKE' SHIRT. A new model for present wear. Made in fine quality British Silk, very smart stripe design, in various colourings. Sizes 13½, 14, 14½ in. 15 in. 3/- extra. **29/6**

'DAPHNE' JERSEY
Of artificial Silk, heavy weight. With 1/1 rib revers, belt and cuffs. In delightful shades of lemon, rust, jade, navy, grey, saxe, black, rose, amethyst or mastic. **84/-**

'GEORGIA' JUMPER
Cut on straight lines. In Lace Alpaca stitch. With V shaped neck and finished with sash. In ivory, jade, terra, nattier, lemon, rose, mauve, grey or black. **55/6**

'TRUKO' CARDIGAN
Of Cashmere. Quite plain and made in new straight shape and side pockets with four buttons **52/6**

'LUCILLE' COAT
Graceful, well-finished model, made in rich artificial Silk. Available in sand or terra-cotta, with sailor collar and border in charming contrast colour. Suitable for tennis or the river. **69/6**

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"Filthy lucre" does not, I am sure, appeal *per se* to the readers of The Bystander, yet most of them are interested in money in the shape of stocks and shares. I therefore purpose keeping them, week by week, *au courant* of the movements on the Stock Exchange, domestically known as the "House," more tastily, if not tastefully, as Gorgonzola Hall. The information impartially imparted without *arrière pensée* must be accepted without a banker's guarantee, neither praise being expected for "winning hazards" nor blame for "miss-cues."

After a long spell of activity, more especially in Oil shares and Industrials, business in the Stock Markets has, at the time of writing, withered under the desiccating influence of dear money fears. The lot of the gilt-edged investor, like that of the Royal Irish Constabulary, is just now not a happy one, and it would undoubtedly be even less enviable if the Bank of England discount rate were raised to 7 per cent., as predicted by the Jeremiahs ever ready to call malodorous fish; that calamity will, however, in all probability be escaped, or at all events be postponed until the world of finance is better able to face it, in which case a gradual recovery will be seen in Consols, the War Loan, and kindred stocks.

While the investor pure and simple is suffering from cold feet, his more mercurial neighbour is still "on velvet" having for months past made big profits on speculative purchases in rising markets. These have, it is true, recently come to a halt, and prices have to some extent receded, but experience points to its being merely a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*; the love of a "flutter" on the Stock Exchange has not been killed or even scotched (our friends beyond the Tweed are, indeed, known to have done themselves remarkably well). Fat dividends, nice bonuses, mergers, melon-cutting (occasionally of the water variety), the whole bag of tricks will keep the pot simmering, and the chances are that buyers will soon again be giving the glad-eye to Oil, Rubber, Mining, and Industrial shares.

For the present, my advice to the holder of fixed interest-bearing securities is to "sit tight," and to the speculative investor to think of Paisley. The numerous prospectuses now before the public afford excellent opportunities of "getting in on the ground floor."

Here endeth the first lesson.

Shylock.

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An Important Announcement

regarding

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WHILST almost all other articles of clothing have advanced by leaps and bounds, collars have advanced only slightly. To what extent that phenomenon has been due to the Summit policy, modesty alone prevents us from telling.

For many years Summit Collars have set the standard of collar excellence throughout the English-speaking world—there never was a collar to equal it at the price, and there have been few to excel it even at higher prices.

For many months now Summit Collars have been sold at a price below their cost of manufacture, but we maintained that price in the hope that cotton prices would show a downward tendency.

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A jump it is true—but a jump which is justified. Summit materials cost approximately five times, labour costs at least three times, packing, handling, and laundrying are all more than double the pre-war rates.

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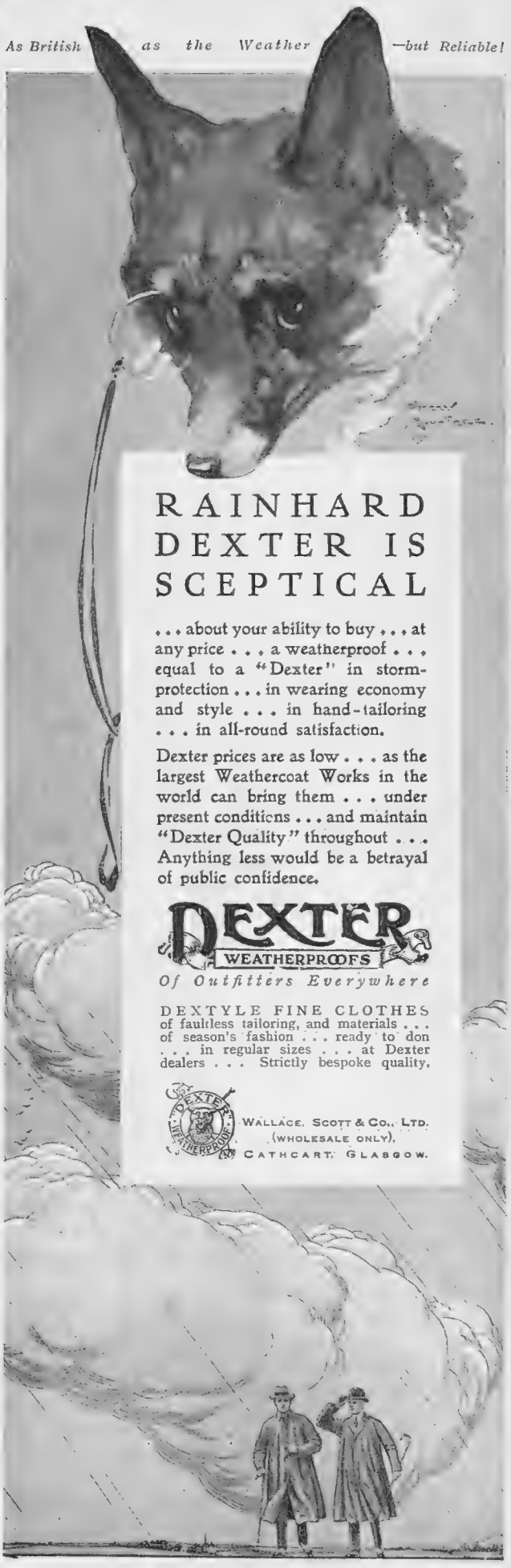

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Photograph *Sport and General*

OFF TO DRAW: A MEET OF THE ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES AT DORNEY GATE

By Field, Stream & Covert

The Hunting Season

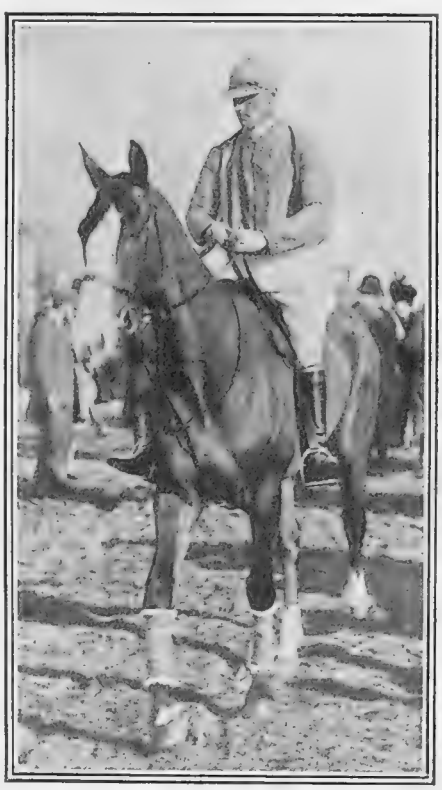
WEATHER conditions for fox-hunting lately has been more suited for polo than sport with hounds. I hope we shall not suffer for it later on by getting hunting weather in the polo season. Followers of hounds have at least the satisfaction of knowing that they have had full value for their subscriptions this winter. Very few packs have been stopped more than a day or two by frost and snow, which, as a rule, take an appreciable chunk out of the hunting season. We can look back pleasurably upon one of the most open winters within memory.

Good Time for Sport

TAKEN on the whole it has been a very satisfactory time for sport. In spite of bright suns and an unusually high temperature, hounds have often found scenting conditions favourable during the past two months, and at times have run with considerable dash. There were all sorts of gloomy forebodings at the start of the season. Pessimists doubted whether fox-hunting would ever quite recover from the set-back it received during the War. Happily, those croakings have been completely falsified. The sport has recovered amazingly, perhaps the most satisfactory feature of the season having been the enthusiasm with which the farmers have given their support.

At the Horse Show

LAST week many hunting people were in town for the interesting show of light horses at Islington. I was glad to see the King's horse, Jutland, make his mark among the Premium stallions. Some judges picked him out for the championship, but he is only a youngster and is not, of course, so well furnished as the older horses. It is highly probable that the good-looking Jutland will win the supreme honours of the show in another year. This time the King's Cup went to Gay Lally, who, as you will remember, was an exceptionally good performer when Sir James Buchanan had him in training. It has always seemed



Photographs *Central News*

NEW COLLEGE AND MAGDALEN POINT-TO-POINT RACES

These races were revived last week after the war-time lapse. The left of these two photographs shows Lord Apsley on "Seabreeze" in the Strangers' Race, and that on the right Lord Grimthorpe on "Malton" in the Nomination Race

probable that he would win a championship, and the Compton Stud brought him out in magnificent form last week.

Polo Gossip

WE have not heard much of the polo at Cannes, and I fear that the number of players has rather fallen below Major Barrett's expectations. Still, there has been enough interesting play to have justified the experiment of reviving the winter season on the Côte d'Azur. One hopes that next year will see a pronounced improvement in transport facilities, Meanwhile there is a promising outlook for the coming polo in London. The chief feature of the season will be the provisional selection of a team to meet the Americans in 1921. It is sincerely to be hoped that polo people will pull together earnestly in an endeavour to put the best possible side and ponies against the invaders. I express this hope because, even at this early stage of the proceedings, there has been a little friction regarding the appointment of a captain. Some want Vivian Lockett. Others ask why "Rattle" Barrett, who captained the team which brought back the cup in 1914, should be passed over. Surely the point should not be a difficult one to settle. A. W. C.

Photograph *Central News*

SIR ALGERNON PEYTON, (wearing badge)

Who was judge at the revived New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point Steeplechases recently held at Addington

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Lord Coventry, the oldest member of the Jockey Club, will be a prominent figure at the big steeplechase meeting at Cheltenham this week

By "The Tout"

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

A Splendid Veteran

LORD COVENTRY, whom we look forward to seeing again at Cheltenham this week, is one of the grand old men of sport. The last of the original members of the National Hunt Committee, he is also the only man who can claim to have completed his jubilee as a member of the Jockey Club, though I hope Lord Chaplin will be able to do the same in a few years' time. What is most satisfactory, Lord Coventry can still derive the keenest enjoyment from the sports in which he has taken so prominent a part. He has done a great deal to promote the remarkable success of the National Hunt Meeting at

RACING NOTIONS (concluded)

Cheltenham, and is looking forward to a great gathering at Prestbury Park this week.

The Grand National

So Lutteur III. has gone out of the Grand National. As I wrote last week, it was asking a lot of the ancient French horse to endeavour to gain another triumph at Aintree, and it is evident that he has not survived the searching preparation for the race. Escott's stable, however, is still very much in the picture with Poethlyn, who is as firm as ever in favouritism. Perhaps the most interesting of the various Grand National horses we saw at Gatwick last week was Loch Allen. I do not think his backers need despair because of his defeat in the Trial Steeplechase. From what I saw of him after the race he was in need of this strong gallop, and I shall expect him to be materially fitter at Aintree. Still, I decline to believe in his chance of reversing last season's placings with Ballyboggan and Poethlyn. I continue to regard the former of this pair as a likely winner on the 26th inst., though I am writing before his race at Leopardstown.

Photograph **GAY LALLY** *W. A. Rouch*

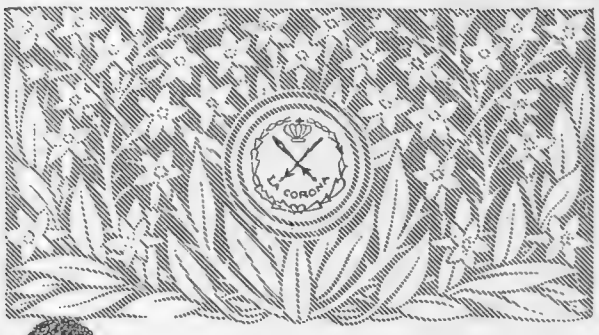
Formerly a noted race-horse. Winner of the King's Cup at the Thoroughbred Stallion Show last week

National Hunt Steeplechase

Both from the social and the sporting standpoint the Cheltenham meeting has become an established success, and the meeting looks like attracting the usual big crowd this week. The National Hunt Steeplechase is always a dangerous one to meddle with, and it is not with a great deal of confidence that I suggest **Bedford Row** as a likely winner. I have noticed him jumping well at one or two of the Metropolitan meetings.

Other Cheltenham Events

Clashing Arms gets a substantial penalty for his success at Gatwick, but he may carry it prominently in the Grand Annual Steeplechase on Wednesday. It is probable that **Mythical** will run well in the big handicap steeplechase on the second day, though he has Loch Allen and other good ones to beat. I expect to see **Kirkharle** make a good show in the County Hurdle Handicap.



Despite the existence of numerous brands of cigars bearing the name of Corona, the original La Corona Half-a-Corona is still foremost in the estimation of discerning smokers. It is made from the same Havana Tobacco as the renowned La Corona Corona, but, as its name suggests, it is smaller in size.

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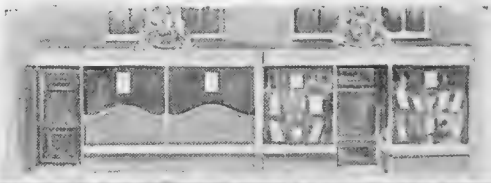

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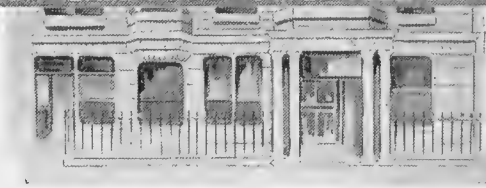

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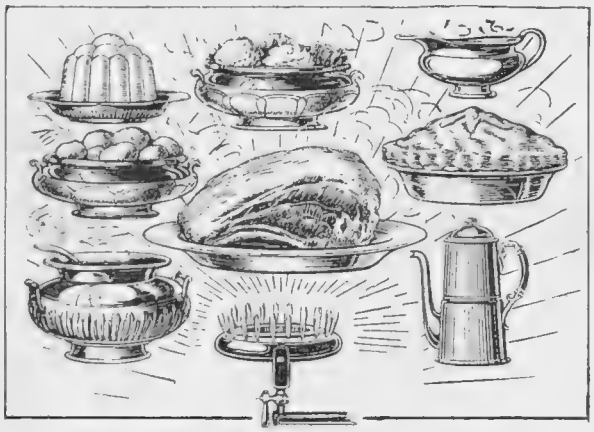
The cost is from a few shillings upwards, according to the number to be catered for, and every hour it is used it is saving housekeeping expenses, time and trouble in a marvellous manner.



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The Multicooker, which is made in various styles and sizes, is not an elaborate apparatus. It is perfectly simple and common-sense. It enables all your cooking, etc., to be done on ONE gas ring of average consumption, instead of the four or more which are usually employed to cook a meal on the ordinary gas stove. Other models are specially made for use with oil.

The Multicooker invention is already installed in thousands of homes and is everywhere saving gas, saving food, saving money, and making cooking the easiest and most pleasant of household tasks. It cooks everything, from one simple homely dish to a many-course dinner for ten to twenty people—never more than ONE gas burner, with average consumption costing 1½d. per hour, being used at any time.

The reason why it saves so much is because on the ordinary gas stove or coal range a very big percentage of the heat is absolutely wasted. You can prove this in any gas stove, for instance, by putting your hand near the side of a kettle or saucepan on the gas ring. You feel intense heat, which is not helping the boiling in the least. But in the "Multicooker" the principle of heat conservation is so employed that splendid advantages are secured from the amount of gas burned.

The enormous reduction of housekeeping expenses by the saving in the weight of food cooked, the remarkably small consumption of gas, and the saving of time and trouble achieved by the Multicooker Method are such that every household in the country will shortly be enjoying the wonderful benefits of this revolutionary discovery in the principles of Economical Cookery.

An Official Gas Expert of long experience states that the Super-Multicooker is the biggest advance in cooking appliances he has examined during his 30 years' scientific experience in the gas world.

A most interesting pamphlet, fully describing the new "Multicooker" and giving illustrations of the various models, in addition to valuable Cookery Information, can be obtained by simply writing a postcard to THE MULTICOOKER INVENTIONS, LTD. (ROOM 35), 42, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. The Public Demonstrations are from ten to six o'clock daily, and all readers are cordially welcomed free of charge.

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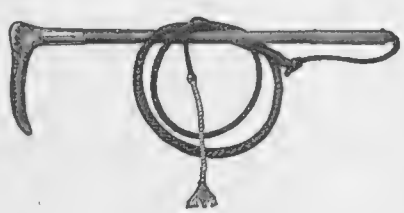

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What It Means To You

By Donald Howat

WITH clothes at the present price it is reckless extravagance to-day to lay aside a costume, dress, suit, or coat simply because it is stained, soiled or in need of repair. Nine times out of ten you will find you have been too hasty in discarding it. Scotland has long been recognised as the home of Cleaning and Dyeing—and, as any Scottish friend will tell you—Castlebank Dyeworks are regarded as having raised Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing to the level of an Art. They own exclusive rights in the secret "Franco-Barbe" Process of Cleaning and Dyeing—the Lyons invention which has helped the Frenchwoman to lead the World in dress. Until I discovered Castlebank I was too apt to discard clothes simply because they were soiled or showed signs of wear; I know better now, and have made some remarkable savings by sending my soiled suits and overcoats to Castlebank for attention. The intelligent live methods of this firm are seen in their Khaki Conversion Service which has been such a boon to thousands of demobilised officers and men. My advice is THAT FOR A BEGINNING you look out all the clothes—*meantime hanging idle*—that you wore last Summer and let Castlebank show you how these light Suits, Flannels, Golfing Suits, Ladies' Tweeds, Jerseys and Burberries can be put into first-class condition again with Franco-Barbe Cleaning and Repairing.

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Photograph MISS ANITA ELSOM AND THE PURCELLA BROTHERS *Stage Photo Co*

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Triumphs of Invention

No. IV.—"THE ALARUM CLOCK"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

BOOK NOTES

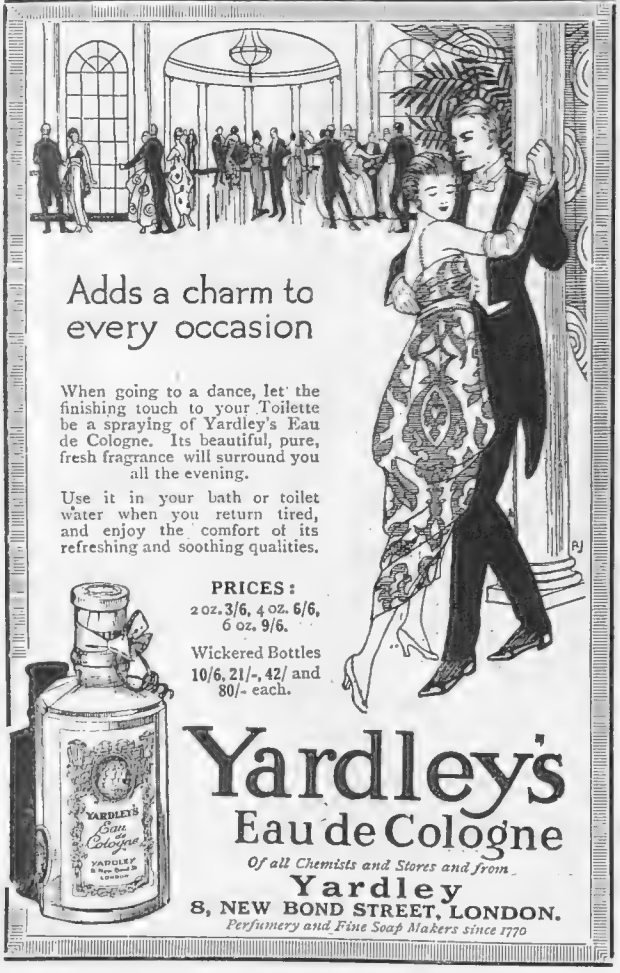
BY RALPH STRAUS

ALREADY there is a whole library devoted to our airmen in the War, from technical expositions containing mathematical tables to the most personal of diaries, and I opened Captain A. Cunningham Reid's *Planes and Personalities* (P. Allan: 5*s.* net) half-heartedly: surely there were enough on the market. But this book is most refreshingly original. Captain Reid is determined to tell you everything in the jolliest possible fashion. He dearly loves a good joke. Incidentally, he was fortunate enough to come into personal contact with prominent personages. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert are both shown in pleasantly intimate passages. Captain Reid calls his book a *pot-pourri*, which in effect it certainly is—but a good *pot-pourri*, for hardly a single aspect of War-flying is omitted, and you close his book with the feeling that somehow you must yourself have been temporarily attached to a squadron. Which is a compliment to the author. Lieut.-Col. Bishop, V.C., by the way, contributes a short introduction, and there are photographs not to be found in most books of the kind.

CAPTAIN A. S. CUNNINGHAM-REID, D.F.C.,
The author of "Planes and Personalities," (Philip Allan: 5s. net.), which is reviewed on this page

IN his inexcusably volcanic way, Professor S. P. B. Mais, whose energy is simply unbelievable, produces two new books in the course of a week. How he manages to find time to write books in the intervals of flying across the country to address crowded audiences in any town from Caithness to Penzance, of examining half the youth in the Empire, and of teaching the young airman at the newly formed R.A.F. Cadet College at Cranwell, it is impossible even to guess. He is a sort of typhoon, an enthusiast in all matters of education, a voracious reader, and, if not a great novelist, a clever writer keen to recognise the new trend of things and the new methods of thought. In fact, Mais is a phenomenon, Vesuvian and terrific, whose very energy

(Continued on page 700)



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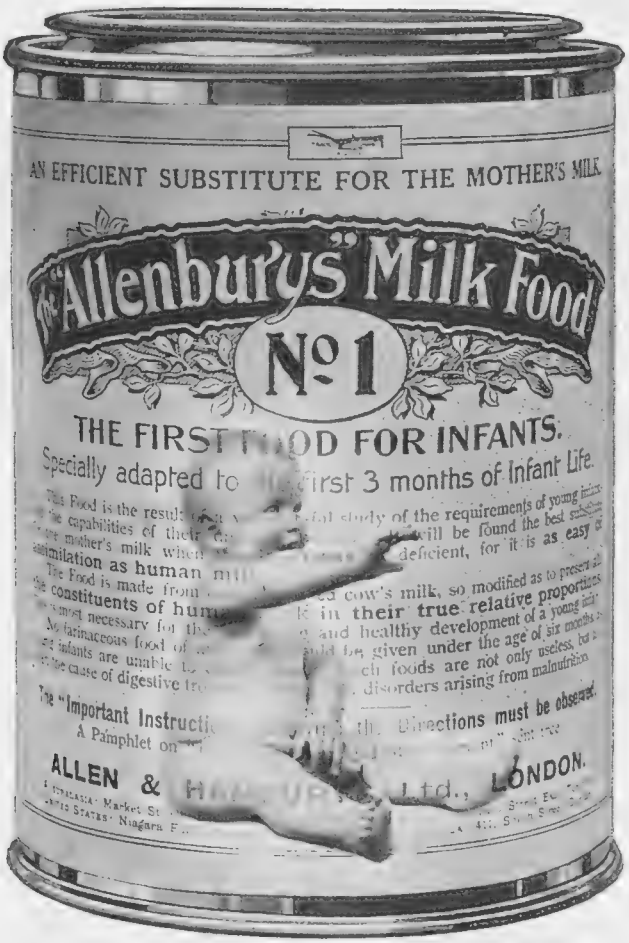

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BOOK NOTES (concluded)

annoys some people as much as it delights others. There is nobody quite like him.

⁂ ⁂

Of his two new books I will speak here of only one. *Uncle Lionel* (Grant Richards: *7s. 6d.* net) is a novel, oddly enough devoid of anything in the nature of a schoolmaster. It is a study of a certain type of modern hysteria, a piece of work which will infuriate everyone of Miss Ethel M. Dell's sixty thousand readers, annoy any number of happily married couples, and shock anybody now alive born before 1850. Other people it will stimulate to abuse or enthusiasm. It concerns itself with a simple enough problem. An excitable young man is married to a selfish, primitive, and wholly unpleasant young woman, and what will happen? Uncle Lionel, dear old bachelor, publisher and philosopher, tells the sad story of his nephew and niece. It is sad enough because Michael can keep his wife only so long as he behaves in the primitive brutish way; he loses her as soon as his natural unbrutish nature reasserts itself. There are compensations, of course, for him, but not of a nature which would appeal to the good ladies of Tunbridge Wells—where much of the action takes place—which is easily the most respectable town in the United Kingdom.

⁂ ⁂

Now *Uncle Lionel* is not, I think, a great novel, but it is of great interest inasmuch as it gets down on to paper the particular form of hysteria for which the War is being responsible to-day. I don't mean to say that there were no unhappy marriages before 1914; I mean, rather, that the War has brought into being—temporarily, let us hope—a new set of social values, about which Professor Mais writes with an annoying perspicacity. There is one scene in the book which thrills you, and there are passages where you want nothing so much as to track down the author and shout: "Look here, what the ——." But there you would stop, and probably find yourself listening contentedly enough to a reasoned argument from one of the most stimulating folk of the day. Get hold of a copy and see for yourself.

⁂ ⁂

I missed the first edition of *Omniana* (Jarrolds: *12s. 6d.* net) when it appeared some four years ago, but the second enlarged edition, just published, is a most entertaining volume. The author is Mr. J. F. Fuller, an Irish octogenarian, architect and novelist, who in his life has done and seen many odd things. His stories are good, and there is no nonsense about him. Once he tried the stage, once he enlisted as a sapper. His uncle was Sir Arthur Helps (whose "Life" was issued a year or two ago), and he can show as many quarterings as anyone could wish for. All sorts and conditions of men flit through his merry pages, from queer ancient bishops to "Erewhon" Butler. An unusual volume of reminiscences of a diverting kind.

R. S.

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THE END OF THE HUNTING SEASON IS GETTING NEAR.

JORROCKS hated March! It was too near the end of the hunting season, too near the time for him to put away that pink coat of his and those wonderful top boots.

And so with us all! The time's getting near when that good little horse must go out to grass for the summer and the top boots back for a rest on their trees!

We're luckier than Jorrocks, for spring means the delight of touring through England at its best. And during our tour we shall not encounter tyre-trouble, because the car is equipped with Dunlop tyres—the tyres of no regrets.

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MOTOR NOTES

SOME GRADIENT: A FIAT CAR IN ITALY

The photograph shows a portion of the Consuma Hill, near Florence, during the progress of a hill-climbing competition. The winning car, a Grand Prix Fiat, is here seen en route to victory. It was driven by an amateur, Signor Ascari

Now, I am not given to boosting other publications as a rule, but everybody interested in civil aviation ought to read the interesting correspondence between the rival inventors of parachutes in *Flight*, and in particular that between Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Holt and Mr. E. R. Calthrop, C.E.

* * *

As the time may come when insurance companies, the Air Ministry, and others interested in flying will insist that all passenger-carrying machines shall be equipped with air life-buoys, otherwise parachutes, it behoves us all to see that the sort provided either voluntarily or compulsorily are really life-savers and not booby-traps. I don't pretend to be an expert on these, but as an aeronaut I can claim great interest in the subject.

* * *

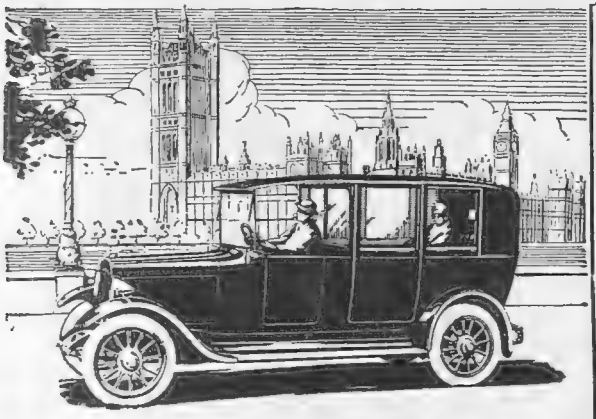
Consequently I quite agree with Mr. Calthrop that, hard-up as the nation is at the present time, yet now is the opportunity for the Treasury to be a little generous to the Parachute Section of the Air Ministry, and grant them funds so that they can pay closer attention to the development of life-saving equipment in all of its possible forms. Let us get at the bottom of this business while the aviation industry is getting on its commercial legs.

As for the arguments between the "positive" and "non-positive" opening parachutes, nothing but practical experiments, under all the possible contingencies of use in the air, can really decide all the questions involved; and it may seem strange that it has been left to a light-hearted old has-been like yours truly to try and raise public interest on this subject, but I feel sure that many valuable young lives have been lost since fighting ceased owing to the want of provision of aerial life-saving appliances for instant use at need. Personally, I wonder the insurance companies do not offer an annual prize of, say, £1,000 for the best life-saving aerial apparatus. It's a business proposition, leave alone its humanitarian aspect.

* * *

As an instance that motoring and aviation are linking themselves together more and more in regard to the business of these sporting pastimes, I ran across in Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, the G.N.U. Motor and Accessories Company, who have premises there, in which you can purchase motor-cars, cycle-cars, motor-cycles, motor-scooters, flying-boats, petrol-launches, and other marine craft. Seaplanes or any other form of aircraft will undoubtedly in the future be sold by agents just as cycles and motor-cars are to-day.

(*Continued on page 704*)



The Austin "Twenty"

The "Austin Twenty" is now on the road—an established fact; it has been tested by nearly two years' running experience and is to-day being manufactured in quantity. Wherever you find an "Austin Twenty" you find also an enthusiastic owner. As a medium power, medium weight car of moderate cost and upkeep, the "Austin Twenty" is still without a rival, while as an all-purpose car it meets every occasion and every call—whether for touring or town work.

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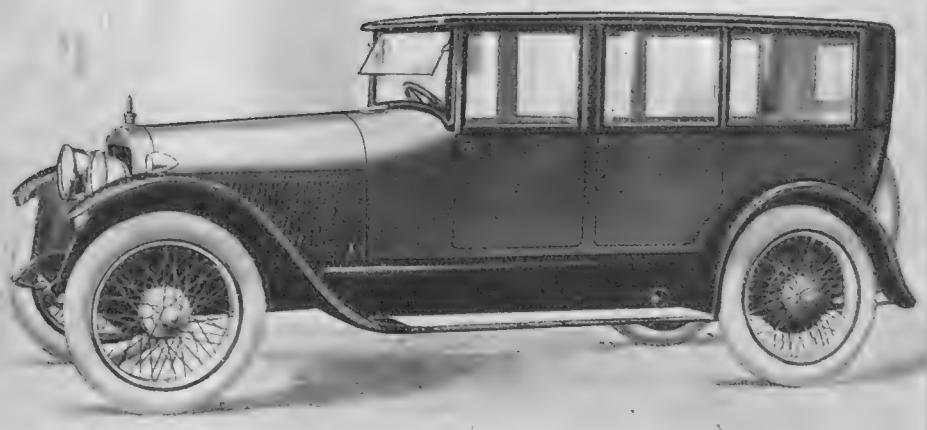

The 25-30 H.P. Six-cylinder Interior Drive Limousine.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

COLONEL ALAN H. BURGOYNE, M.P., who is the head of the G.N.U. Motor and Accessories Company, started this business about eight months ago, with branches in Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand, and agencies in Burma, Straits Settlements, Dutch East Indies, China, and Japan, with sub-agencies in many of the countries of Europe and the States of South America, and determined that every male employée of the firm should be an ex-service man and a direct beneficiary in the business. Besides that admirable co-operative basis, he determined that the concern should embrace every conceivable detail that man or woman, firms or corporations might require for air, land, or sea-travel and their accessories.

* * *

CONSEQUENTLY, one finds in these showrooms the high-class six-cylinder Ensign chassis, an American assembled car styled the "Victor-Burgoyne," an electric scooter, a supermarine aeroplane or flying-boat, a dinghey or a Wefco spring-cover, as your eye happens to wander. In fact, bar a railway train, you can find here such a variety of space annihilators that it makes one wonder which form of travel is to be the most favoured. Anyway, I recommend a visit to Westbourne House for those in doubt, as the choice there is very wide.

Photograph *Press Photograph Agency*

READY TO DEFEAT THE FRENCH STRIKER

During the recent railway strike in France, many people, wishing to travel to Paris and the Sunny South, went by aeroplane. Here is a 'plane about to leave the Hounslow Aviation centre with passengers for the other side the Channel

QUITE a number of motorists were gathered together the other day to hear the programme laid out by the directors of the Butterosi car, and Captain C. F. M. Chambers in particular. I don't know whether the Butterosi "boy," who is always cheerful, had got an even more optimistic mood on, but, really, buyers of these natty little 10 h.p. French-built 'buses are to be given such attention and care in moments of need (even to lending them another car for nix) should aught befall or be required by their own Butterosi that, indeed, I bethought this car is well-named. Anyway, Captain Chambers was most frank and straightforward, willing to lend cars to be tested and listen to all criticism for their betterment, if possible, by any of those present who cared to offer suggestions.

* * *

WELL, Darracqs have done very well as an Anglo-French proposition, and I see no reason why the Butterosi should not follow their lead and be successful, especially as small good cars are in great demand to-day. Alas! we cannot afford to buy big ones—at least, only a few of us—with present fuel prices and other such pocket-picking penalties.

OLD HY.

The Costs that Count.

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Femina

THE NEED FOR SPACE
AN ASPECT OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM

By MRS. M. VINCE

FOR years the cry has been for more open spaces. The open space has been the promised cure for half our diseases and half our social ills. "Give the working-man his garden, give his children their playground and they will be contented and healthy"—that has been the fashionable mode of speech of the social reformer. But we want something now even more than open space for gardens and playgrounds. We want more space inside the houses themselves.

WE are bound to have bad architecture in little houses, and those mistakes for which women are always blaming the architect, until our little houses are bigger. The unhappy architect is too often expected to put his quart into a pint measure. For the truth is that the ideas of things that are essential in any house have really outgrown the houses.

THE working-man expects in his little house—or if he does not expect it social reformers say that he must have—many things which a generation ago were not to be found even in big houses; and now his cottage is becoming so filled with things, for his comfort and convenience, that there is a serious danger of it soon containing everything except a place for the working-man himself.

A LITTLE time ago a conference of Women's Organisations was held at Olympia, and many working-women attended it from all over the country and talked of the things that they wanted in their homes. These are some of them: They are no longer content with one living room. They want a parlour as well, if only in order that when the daughter is courting she may have somewhere to receive her young man. They expect a bath. They want a pulley and cord for drying clothes in the scullery instead of being dependent on the weather and the line in the back-yard. They do not like to wash under the sink. They ask for a lavatory basin. They want a place in the house for a perambulator and a bicycle—and so forth. They have, in fact, a higher standard of comfort and decency. They want many possessions. But where are all these things for which they ask to be put?

A SHORT time ago the Royal Institute of British Architects

A SPIRITED APPEARANCE

HE: "I wonder how I missed you at the Masquerade Ball?"
SHE: "Oh! I went as a ghost!"

By HART HARVEY

FEMINA (*concluded*)

held a competition of plans for cottages. It awarded prizes, and the prize plans were submitted to the Government to help it in its housing schemes.

THOSE prize plans showed the awful straits in which the architects were put by their efforts to get modern conveniences into houses which were too small to hold them. In the plan which won the first prize for a cottage in or about London, the scullery had every convenience—a fireplace, a copper for washing clothes, a sink with draining boards on both sides, and a mangle. Yet though it had to hold all these things, and a table as well, it was only 9 ft. 6 in. by 10 ft. 6 in., and one of its corners was taken up by the larder.

THE woman who worked in that scullery would have every convenience for cooking and washing, drying, and mangling and ironing, except the room to do these things. In another of the prize plans the architect had provided a place for the perambulator and the bicycle, but it could only be reached by wheeling them right through the living-room.

THE architects must have been as well aware as anyone of the inconvenience of such arrangements. They put in those things which are supposed to be necessary to make a little house attractive, but they had to put them in little houses which were not big enough to hold them.

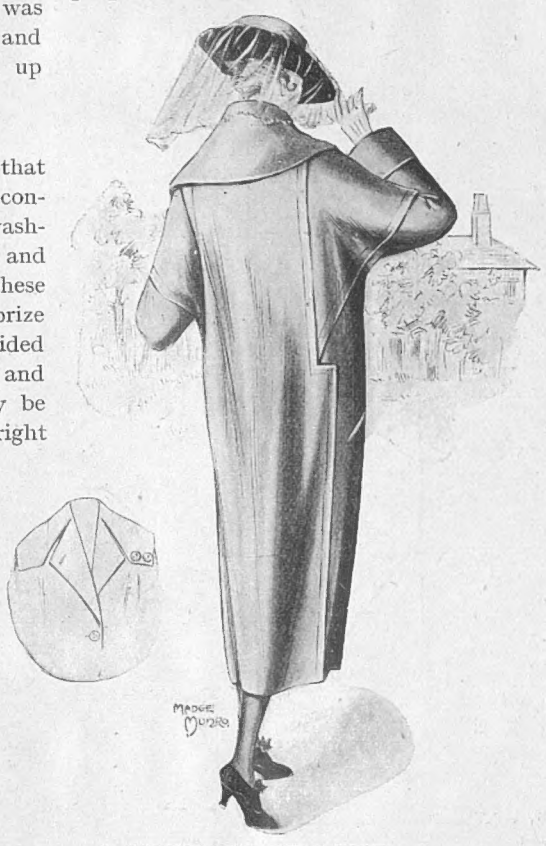
BIGGER houses may be an unattainable ideal, but let us at least be clear that bigger houses are the essential thing, and that to go on filling little houses with modern conveniences is only to make them more inconvenient. Let us remember that the houses are really more important even than the gardens, and we shall then be aiming at the right things even if we cannot get them.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

By MRS. JACK MAY

Spring Wrap-Coats

DULY impressed with the importance of a demand for Spring wrap-coats, I called the other day on the Aquascutum people, 100, Regent Street, to learn something of the text they were pursuing, and, as usual, found it very good. Without deviating an inch from the decreed simplicity and practicability, these renowned tailoring experts are playing about with cut and line as only adepts can, the resulting effect being several fresh and attractive silhouettes. A case in point is the coat illustrated, the sides of which comprise several ingeniously shaped pieces, including the sleeve, which makes a start somewhere about the hem, these various component parts being united by stitched folds.



A FASHIONABLE WRAP-COAT
Modelled in "Aquascutum" cloth in a new shade of brown and described in detail on this page
Sketched at "Aquascutum," 100, Regent Street, W., by Madge Munro

The fronts are double-breasted, and although both the lapels and large collar can be worn closed, the probabilities are small this procedure will be resorted to, save under atmospheric pressure, the general effect being altogether persuasive when these adjuncts are thrown back. The material fashioning the model is Aquascutum cloth, a fabric that, like good wine, requires no bush at this date, and the colour is a new shade of brown that can best be described as a warm leaf shade, and to it are toned large pierced buttons of horn. In the same range comes another model, the fronts whereof are cut in a sharp diagonal line, the modelling throughout being of a particularly free loose order.

Summer Stuffs

FOR the wise who would be betimes with their summer wardrobes, there is already plenty of opportunity for making selection and purchase of pretty washing fabrics due for wear after Easter. The choice is exceptionally prolific and varied, and one has only to look back a few years to realise what strides have been made in quality, colouring, and designs. So fascinating and really good in appearance are the majority of these washing materials, they have every chance of being chosen to express models that have made their *début* in far more costly

(*Continued on page* xii)